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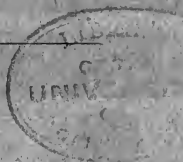
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THE PERSONAL AND LITERARY RELATIONS OF
HEINRICH HEINE TO KARL IMMERMANN.

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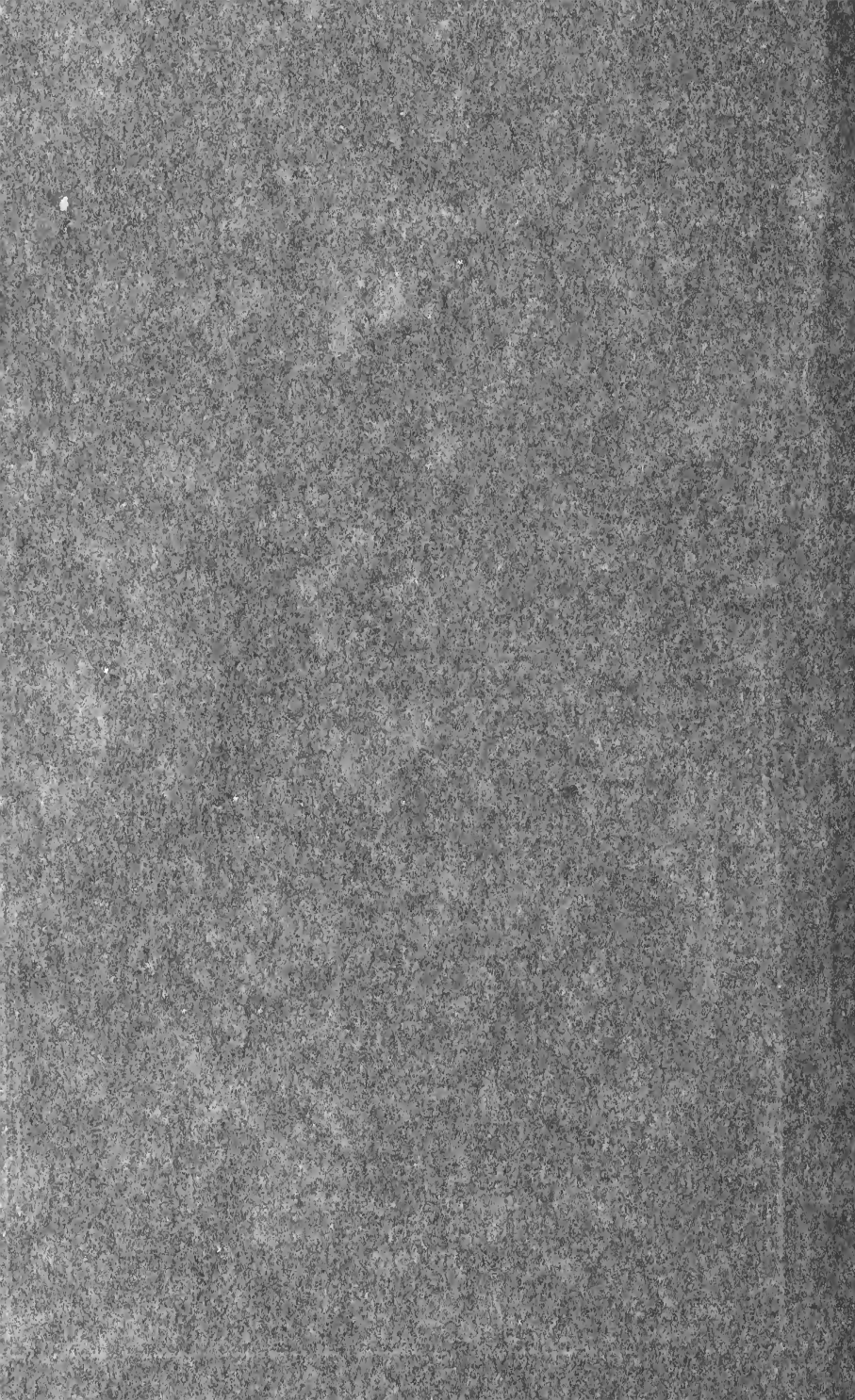
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A THESIS SUBMITTED TO THE FACULTY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE AND ARTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN IN CANDIDACY FOR THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

BY

GRACE MABEL BACON, A. M.,
INSTRUCTOR IN GERMAN
MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE.
1910.



THE PERSONAL AND LITERARY RELATIONS OF
HEINRICH HEINE TO KARL IMMERMANN.

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BY



GRACE MABEL BACON, A. M.,
INSTRUCTOR IN GERMAN
MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE.
1910.

To

PROFESSOR ELLEN C. HINSDALE.

AS AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE FOR THE CONSTANT HELP,
ENCOURAGEMENT AND INSPIRATION RECEIVED FROM HER
THROUGHOUT MY STUDY OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE AND
LITERATURES.



THE PERSONAL AND LITERARY RELATIONS OF HEIN- RICH HEINE TO KARL IMMERMANN.

I.

INTRODUCTION.

The subject of the relations between the two poets, Heinrich Heine and Karl Immermann, has been either ignored entirely or treated with less seriousness than it deserves. Only recently have critics realized that there were problems here to be solved, and yet no one has thus far attempted their solution. Friends of Immermann have been unfair in their statements of the situation, variously affirming that the relation was an unnatural one, to be deplored by all who sympathized with Immermann, that it was a one-sided friendship, that Immermann found Heine's attentions oppressive and regretted the bonds that held them together. Prejudiced against Heine, they have been loath to admit the existence of any positive friendship between them and have neglected incontrovertible evidence. On the other hand, Heine's friends have passed lightly over the subject, overlooking the significance of the correspondence and assuming that Heine could not possibly have entertained any real affection for a man of Immermann's type. It shall be my object to prove these ideas erroneous by establishing the exact biographical relations between the two poets, after which I shall address myself to the psychological problems opened up by the former considerations.

Karl Leberecht Immermann was born in Magdeburg, April 24th, 1796, and died in Düsseldorf, August 25th, 1840. A glance at these dates reveals the historical and literary background of his life, which is seen to lie between two great world movements—the French Revolution of 1789 and the Revolution of 1848—and to coincide almost perfectly with the reign of Frederick William III, while the Wars of Liberation in Germany and the July Revolution of 1830 fall within the poet's experience. The roots of his being were firmly fixed in North German soil—a fact that will become of increasing interest to us as we contrast his traditions with those of Heine. His ancestors from the time of the Thirty Years War had been advancing by the customary stage—from peasant, through artisan, teacher, and preacher, until in Immermann's

father we have one of those characteristic Prussian officials, conscious of the importance of his position, trained in the school of severest discipline, a man of few words, of unlimited power over his household, of unyielding adherence to duty, capable of inspiring in those nearest him a feeling of deepest respect and awe. He directed conscientiously the education of his sons. Historical works rather than fairy tales were put into their hands to read and the deeds of real German heroes stimulated their imagination. In his "Memorabilien" Immermann has described most refreshingly his boyhood reminiscences; how the first book that he read—Rothmann's "History of Magdeburg"—made him hate Tilly no less than the Devil and revere the memory of Gustavus Adolphus, whom his father never mentioned by any other name than Germany's Savior. The first ancestor, in fact, had come from Sweden as sergeant in Gustavus Adolphus's army, while Immermann's own father had served under Frederick the Great in the Seven Years' War and has afterwards spent years as an auditeur in his army. Prussian to the core, the son grew up to reverence the traditions of his fatherland, which his father was careful to instill into him; the latter's whole personality was that of a being of a higher order and had the effect of inspiring in the sons a worship of all great historical figures, such as the times of Frederick had called forth. The boy's early conception of the fatherland was embodied in the person of Frederick the Great and later in the figures of Frederick William and Louise, whom he had seen in Magdeburg when he was nine years old and who on that occasion, called forth all his enthusiastic affection. Such, in truth, was the deep sense of reverence for great Germans which the father impressed upon his children, that hero-worship became with them a sort of religion, and Immermann wonders whether such surrender to great personalities is not after all a thorough preparation for religious feeling in children. In 1839 he confesses in a letter to Marianne Niemeyer, his future wife: "It is a mistake to suppose "that any remarkable effect is produced upon young, immature "minds through religious instruction. In that way they learn to "know the Divine only theoretically, as it were. All piety is based "on reverence and begins with reverence for man * * * I was "brought up quite irreligiously and in spite of it, I became in my "own way godly, because the awe-inspiring figure of my father "shone forth as an example in my earliest days."

In his boyhood Immermann lived through the dark days of Prussia's downfall. He saw the flood of defeated soldiers pour into Magdeburg after the Battle of Jena and the disgraceful surrender

of his native town, which was separated from Prussia and joined to the newly founded kingdom of Westphalia. The sense of ruin and destruction and treason brought about by the influx of Ney's soldiers left an indelible impression upon him.

In his "Memorabilien" Immermann nowhere mentions his mother; his silence speaks louder than words the proof that her influence upon his early life was unimportant. From this fact, Stahr explains the preponderating masculine element in his nature, the rugged austerity, the harshness, and in his lyrics the lack of tenderness and delicacy—something which he never overcame but which was in some measure atoned for by a singular charm of strength, of virility. In the above-mentioned letter to Marianne, April 24, 1839, Immermann does give us some idea of his mother's personality and its general effect upon him. He confesses, "The strangest contradictions are united in me. I am cold and warm, just and unjust, self-sacrificing and selfish, frank even to excess and mysteriously reserved, hard and yielding, very clever and very stupid. Where lies the unity? Artists complain that they cannot catch my expression, because no single instant in it is like the next; the soul could present no smaller difficulties * * * you get nearer the likeness of a person, if you observe the stars under which he came into being. Strange circumstances concurred at my conception. My father, forty-five years old, my mother eighteen, first youth and approaching old age mingled their elements in my being. My father severe, firm as iron, rough, hard; my mother gentle, immeasurably yielding. That explains many things in me. The contrast between frost and fire, between rigid and pliant was indeed the law under which the hour of my conception fell. In me appears now this contrast as stern, cold, incorruptible reason beside dreamy imagination, and feeling is somewhat obscured by this contradiction * * *"

The contrast between Immermann's early life and Heine's could hardly be greater, although both spent the most impressionable years of their lives during the same dark period of Germany's history. But Heine was a Jewish lad, born at Düsseldorf in the little duchy of Berg in 1797, and Düsseldorf experienced all the vicissitudes endured by the border towns in those troubled years. From 1795 to 1801 it was garrisoned by French Revolutionary troops and the spirit of the place was wholly French. Then from 1806 again it was held for years by the French so that Heine's boyhood was spent entirely under democratic French influence. We can imagine him in play hours making friends with the French

soldiers, listening rapturously to the stories of hardship and thrilling adventures told by Napoleon's veterans, following the old French drummer, Le Grand, through the streets and learning from him French language, politics, and history, or climbing up on the back of the old Elector's horse to look down upon the citizens as they paid homage to their new Duke, Joachim Murat. The soldiers were attracted to the wayward, precocious boy and loaned him French books to read; but he conceived a prejudice against all French literature, and this dislike, he tells us, was increased by his French teacher at the Lyceum, who required that his students write French verse and even translate a part of the "Messias" into Alexandrines. This, however, was more than the boy could stand: he could have died for France, but never would he write French verse! Heine first attended a Jewish school, but later entered the Lyceum, one of those French government schools, organized by Napoleon and placed under the control of the Minister of Public Instruction. As it was designed to further his political schemes, French was made the medium of instruction in all subjects, one-third of the time, besides, being devoted to French Grammar and Literature. The rector was a Roman Catholic priest and the teachers were nearly all Catholic. This same Rector Schallmeyer, so the poet tells us in the "Geständnisse" suggested often to Heine's mother that she allow him to be educated by the Catholic priesthood, but his mother, besides being more ambitious for a successful practical career for her eldest son, could not, as a strict deist, make the garb of a priest seem becoming to him. With much glee Heine pictures himself in the role of Roman Catholic priest, cardinal, even pope, and declares that his mother regretted deeply not having followed the advice of her liberal old friend, who, she concluded, so early understood the physical and spiritual atmosphere that would be most salutary for him.

While in the case of Immermann's education we have seen that the father played the chief rôle, directing the boy's reading with the purpose of fostering hero-worship and setting before his sons ideals of manliness as embodied in great German personalities, with Heine the reverse was the rule. His father was an easy-going business man, taking no marked interest in his son's education; but his mother directed his school work from the beginning. She was a woman of exceptional mental culture, a disciple of Voltaire and Rousseau, and her hobby, as her son tells us in his "Memoiren" was the science of education. Thus we are told that she made out his program of studies and decided what career he should

follow, choosing one after another, which were all equally distasteful to him and equally foreign to his whole nature. Utterly lacking in appreciation of his poetic temperament, she opposed his following the profession of poet. In her opinion it was not respectable; a poet was a poor, ragged devil who made "occasional poems" for a few dollars and finally died in the infirmary. Not from his mother did he inherit his taste for the fantastic and romantic. "She had a fear of poetry, took away every romance that she found in my hands, did not allow me to visit the theatre, denied me all participation in popular amusements, kept watch of my associates, scolded the maids if they told ghost stories in my presence,—in short, she did everything possible to keep superstition and poetry away from me." Her opposition caused Heine to look back later with deepest regret on the fruitlessness of those unsettled years, in which he dutifully followed his mother's wishes. From his father he doubtless inherited his personal fastidiousness, his lack of business ability and of all sense of money value. But in spite of this rather negative influence, Heine worshipped the memory of his father as the one human being of all others whom he most loved. In his "Memoiren" he says that even after a lapse of more than twenty-five years, he could hardly realize that he had actually lost his father. The chief characteristic of Samson Heine, according to his son's testimony, was his boundless enthusiasm for life; "his voice penetrated directly to the heart—as if it did not need the way through the ear at all." Nor was he a strict Israelite, but indifferent in his religious views, and while the son was expected to observe the Jewish customs, he was not burdened with religious instruction from his parents. As the family occupied a position of prominence in Düsseldorf and their house was so located as to enjoy the distinction of having a street-altar erected before it during the solemn Catholic processions, the boy must have been greatly impressed by the pomp and ceremonial of those festivals, which the light-hearted, easy-going inhabitants enjoyed no less than their carnivals. As for the Mosaic law, the wayward boy easily found means of observing or evading it, as it suited his convenience. He would not help pass the water-buckets during a conflagration, for example, because it was the Jewish Sabbath, but he found a way of evading the law forbidding the picking of grapes on the Sabbath by biting them off the vines with his teeth.

If we look further at those happy, romantic days in Düsseldorf, we shall better understand the difference in the temperament of the two poets that we are to study. The first book that Heine

read was "Don Quixote," while "Gulliver's Travels" was also a great favorite. We can see him stealing away on beautiful May mornings to some secluded nook in the old castle gardens and reading through long, dreamy days the thrilling adventures of his heroes, with only the birds and flowers and breezes and waterfall for company. A more charming picture would be hard to find than that which Heine gives us in Chapter XVI of "Die Stadt Lucca." Or we may imagine him wandering dreamily among the ruins of the Castle on the Rhine or reciting the most beautiful of all Uhland's songs, when he was sure to hear the nixies in the Rhine mimic his words and repeat with sighs and groans and comic pathos:

Ein Geisterlaut herunterschall
Ade, du Schäfer mein!

Their mockery, however, he did not mind, but only recited the louder, in order to overcome the awe inspired in him by the old ruins, for they were haunted by a lady without a head, and his heart beat faster as he imagined that he heard the rustle of her long silk train.

In such a romantic region, with its medieval superstitions, its myths and legends about the castle, and its Catholic cult, Heine's childhood was one of great happiness. Everything stimulated his imagination romantically; all Nature sympathized with him in his joyous and pensive moods and he was "the darling of water-nymphs and fairies."

These few paragraphs will perhaps be sufficient to bring out the contrasts in the boyhood influences of our two poets. While Immermann's early surroundings fettered him more and more closely to the traditions of Germany and were responsible for his enthusiasm for German nationality, his feeling of duty first of all to Prussia, and his genuine and sound monarchical principles, Heine's Jewish descent, his home training, his schooling, and his constant association with the French tended to make him a cosmopolite. To emphasize still further the contrast between the two poets, let us consider their exact place in literary history, the literary inheritance to which they fell heir, and the use that each made of his legacy.

The wealth consisted, first, of the new ethical and esthetic ideas and ideals that made the great days of Weimar, and, secondly, of the vast material opened up by the Romantic School—the literatures of the South, the Orient, and England, of the whole Middle Age and Germany's past. Now Immermann consciously projected himself into the world of Goethe and Schiller, Shake-

speare, Calderon and Tieck, and since his ambition was always to exert his influence on the public from the stage, he began his dramatic career by taking them as his models. Goethe he later lost sympathy for, when, in accordance with the theory developed in his "Ajax" essay, he had to conclude that the author of "Iphigenie" and "Tasso" was not contributing to the creation of a national drama. When, however, Immermann found out the real direction of his genius and wrote his novel "Die Epigonen" and his "Memorabilien," he again paid homage to his master Goethe, as also in his drama "Merlin." Schiller's influence also waxed and waned and waxed again: Immermann's "Andreas Hofer," an historical drama written in 1827 and bearing at first the title "Das Trauerspiel in Tirol" was in conscious imitation of the material and style of "Wilhelm Tell." Tieck was one of his earliest and latest models and powerfully influenced his more romantic productions. For the greater part of his life Immermann was led astray by his romantic sympathies and was long in discovering his proper field. In fact, he was never able to free himself completely from romantic influences, not even in his realistic treatment of a popular historical material or in his humorous mock epic, "Tulifantchen," although in both works he satirizes the movement; his subjects generally remained romantic: an old English legend, a Charlemagne story, a southern tale, in every instance some tragic or fantastic material treated with romantic extravagance and symbolism.

While Heine was also a pupil of the Romanticists, his genius exalted him far above them and placed him in a class by himself. He confesses that he was highly delighted over the malicious title of "romantique defroque" bestowed upon him by a Frenchman, for, in spite of his exterminating campaigns against Romanticism, he always remained a Romanticist, even in a higher degree than he realized. After he had wielded the deadliest blows against the Romantic poets in Germany, an infinite longing for the blue-flower in the Dreamland of Romanticism overcame him, and he seized the enchanted lyre and sang a song in which he surrendered himself with all the blissful extravagances, all the moonlight intoxication, all the sweet delirium of nightingale music to the once so beloved melody. "I know," he continues, "it was the 'last, free woodland song of Romanticism,' and I am its last poet; with me ended the old lyric school of the Germans, while 'by me at the same time was opened the new school, the modern German lyric. This double significance will be accorded to me 'by the German literary historians. It does not become me to

“express my opinion at length on this subject, but I may say with “good right, that in the history of German Romanticism I deserve “prominent mention * * * ” (“Geständnisse”) And Romantic elements he had and retained: his intense subjectivity, which he never overcame; the enthusiasm with which he opposed Rationalism; the readiness with which he adopted the simple form and sincere tone of the folk poetry, together with his appreciation of the world’s poetry and popular traditions; his faith in the supremacy of genius and in the immeasurable value of art and form, in his Weltschmerz; his nature-sense; his fondness for the mysterious, blood-curdling, and uncanny. Through his conscious imitation of the tone and rhythm of the folksong and the skill with which he worked over old material like that of the “Lorelei” into genuine folk poetry, he brought new life into German literature at a time of stagnation.

But what distinguishes Heine from the other Romanticists and lifts him far above them is the purely human note of love and pain, which cannot but live forever. He has revealed himself with freshness and originality, matchless realism and artistic freedom, with few strokes or rich coloring, in harmony with his mood, as no one before him had ever written. Furthermore, he is set apart from the Romantic School by his remarkable form sense and the clear outline of his poems, in contrast to the vagueness and wavering outlines of the Romanticists; by his epigrammatic brevity—his impressionistic style; by his neglect of the Middle Ages, except in so far as they help him to express experiences of personal, real life, and by his scorn of the intricate metrical forms taken from the Romantic and Oriental poetry: he adhered to the simple, free rhythm of the folksong and its consequent clear thought.

At the age of seventeen, having completed the course in the gymnasium in Magdeburg, Immermann entered the University of Halle for the study of law. The story of his first year’s experience is well known: how Napoleon, passing through Halle in the late summer, suspended the University with the remark that he needed soldiers, not students; how the lad, believing himself now free from the stern command of his father that he remain there a year without coming home, traveled on foot to Magdeburg, and was promptly sent back to Halle again to study under private instruction. After the Battle of Leipzig, he gained his father’s

permission to join the army, but sickness prevented his fighting until the last campaign. Then he was drafted into the first detachment of riflemen in the Regiment of the Guards and fought at Leipzig and Belle-Alliance, after which he returned to the little town of Halle and resumed his interrupted studies, which he completed two years later.

Up to his seventeenth year, Immermann, who from his earliest youth had felt an irresistible propensity for the dramatic, had been almost completely cut off from the theatre through the severity of his home training. Now, soon after entering the University, before he had been misled by any false taste, he had the good fortune to see two performances—"Don Carlos" and "Die Braut von Messina"—by Goethe's famous Weimar Company, when it was at the height of its excellence. "It was not a question of pleasure," he says, "I was enchanted—enraptured; the old church in which the stage had been erected was for me a consecrated hall." The experience awakened all his slumbering talent as a dramaturgist and bore fruit later in his so-called "Düsseldorfer Anfänge." Immermann was greatly favored also in an old uncle, one of whose hobbies was the theatre, and as a student in Halle, the nephew went often to the great farmhouse of "Oheim Yörick" a few miles outside Halle and there, with members of the family and with fellow-students, he found opportunity for many gay, theatrical performances. The uncle had a particular fondness for pastoral plays and was accustomed to celebrate all festivals in the family by an open-air performance of plays "that came into existence like the poetry of remote antiquity: seldom were they to be identified with any definite composer: the unconscious poetic sense of the people produced them." In the "Memorabilien" Immermann has given us an incomparable picture of this Uncle Yörick, who sought thus to make up for a youth of privation by amusing himself with all the diversions that others enjoy when they are young.

Immermann's university career had an unfortunate close, in that he came into conflict with the powerful Burschenschaft "Teutonia," which had assumed a sort of moral oversight of the whole student body and tyrannically punished offences, which its own members were all too prone to commit. Finally a case of ill-treatment that came to Immermann's notice aroused his indignation to such an extent that he protested openly and appealed then first to the Minister of the Interior and afterwards to the King himself, with the result that his act was commended, the association dissolved, and the academic authorities entrusted

with full power to punish all disturbances. To defend himself against the furtive attacks of the offended students, Immermann wrote a little pamphlet entitled "Ein Wort zur Beherzigung" and in the same year a second one bearing the title: "Letztes Wort über die Streitigkeiten der Studierenden zu Halle." This was his first appearance in literature, and significant for the reason that it was not an effusion of his poetic talent, but a testimony of his character. It has been pointed out how easily Immerman could have left Halle and gone to some other university, thus avoiding all unpleasantness; but probably such a step never occurred to him. He had just shown his physical courage at Waterloo, here was a display of moral courage in the face of serious personal danger. The first pamphlet is not extant, but we know that copies of both were burned at the Wartburg festival in 1817—a fact that shows with what feelings his act was looked upon by a large part of his contemporaries and fellow-students.

In 1818 Immermann began attending the courts at Oschersleben and Magdeburg as a young barrister and in the fall of 1819 he settled in Münster.

At the same time, Heine, after his failure in mercantile life, entered the University of Bonn. His life here and in the Universities of Berlin and Göttingen consumed the next five years, when in 1825 he passed his legal examination and nominally changed his religion. Meanwhile, in December 1821, while he was in Berlin, he published his first collection of poems, and the following May there appeared in the "Rheinisch-Westfälischer Anzeiger" a review of them by Immermann. This was the first impulse to the establishment of friendly relations between the two poets.

II.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY RELATIONS.

At this time Immermann was in Münster, serving as auditeur for the Westphalian army-corps, which was stationed at that prosaic little town. Like Goethe, who longed so many years for peace; Uhland, whose law practice and political career, much to Heine's regret, usurped the time that might have been devoted to poetry; like Heine himself, who bitterly complained of the years wasted over his law studies; and like many another of our German poets, Immermann was doomed for the sake of his material existence to a career wholly foreign to his taste and temperament. Unlike some others, however, he performed his irksome duties conscientiously, gradually winning for himself advancement in office and a name for uprightness, integrity, and justness. But the society of the officers and soldiers was uncongenial to him, and the isolated location of Münster, its Catholicism and philistinism, fostered in him an innate tendency to solitude—a tendency that had already been heightened by his unfortunate conflict with the "Teutonia" and by an unhappy passion for Luise von Strasser, the most intimate friend of his sister Lottchen. She became his muse and was the Cölestine of the "Papierfenster eines Eremiten," his first novel.

His disappointments and Weltschmerz made his heart very receptive to the friendly advances of the Countess Elise von Ahlefeldt, the beautiful wife of the famous General von Lützow, in whose home he was a most welcome guest. Elise must have been greatly attracted by his fresh vigor, his wholesome views, and his intelligence, by his talent, and his enthusiasm for the great and the beautiful, and the animation with which he endowed everything; and in turn, his creations all show her enlivening influence on the development of his rich talent. In her salon the best poetry of the world's literature was read and discussed, and to Immermann soon fell the rôle of reading aloud the works of Goethe, Shakespeare, and Calderon, besides an occasional poem of his own, which was sure to meet with the approval of Frau von Lützow's friends. Had it not been for this stimulating intercourse, the four years of humdrum existence in Münster would have seemed to Immermann almost unendurable. The leisure hours not spent

in the intellectual circle gathered about Elise, Immermann devoted to writing and the study of Tieck, Hoffmann, Fouqué, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Schiller, all of whom were to have a marked influence upon his own productions.

In the midst of his struggle with content and form and his attempt to clothe his lofty thoughts aright, there now appeared in 1822 a volume of poems of a new order: both the personal content and the form of Heine's poems drew attention to them from all sides, and it is a compliment to Immermann's genius that he was the first to recognize the quality of his work and to herald it with a dignified and appreciative review, thereby giving the signal for Heine's fame as a poet and setting the example to other critics. We can imagine with what joy he read the dream-pictures, romances, love-songs, sonnets, the miscellaneous poems, and the translations from Lord Byron contained in this collection, and how he compared in his mind Heine's poems with Byron's, finding, however, only a superficial similarity; for, as he said, Heine's possessed a vigor and buoyancy that Byron's lacked. That boldness of outline in the "Traumbilder" was something new, as well as the audacity, the almost dramatic vividness, with which Heine set forth his youthful sorrows, his lack of harmony with the world, his half-humorous, half-tragic view of life. Immermann had likewise suffered through his unfortunate love-affair, and his poems, published shortly afterwards, reveal an equal richness of content, but what can be said of their form? labored, unnatural, inorganic. Here he found objectivity of presentation, a popular tone, spontaneity, individuality, a surprising originality and independence, an abhorrence of weak sentimentality, all of which must have deeply impressed him, realizing, as he did, his own complete dependence on models.

But if his poems failed to awaken any response in the hearts of their readers, with the exception of the dilettante circle of Frau von Lützow, the soul history that he himself had to tell enabled him to read Heine's aright, to discover the prevailing mood, and, what is more, the source of it; for in this review he made one assertion that particularly attracted Heine's notice: namely, that the joylessness of his poems was due not entirely to the sad love-affair of the poet, but to the hostility of genius toward an unfeeling age. He even considered it a burden of Fate to be born with poetic talent at that time, because of the unfitness of the soil to nourish the tender plant of poetry. Immermann knew what it meant to experience the isolation of a poet and to do without all recognition from the outside world; yet the less recognition he found without,

the more he convinced himself of his worth and ability, allowing himself to put all too much faith in the judgment of his tactful but perhaps not overwise friends, whose very sympathy and goodwill may have hindered his progress in the right direction.

That he was thus able to appreciate the sentiment of Heine's poems, that he was the first to remark tersely the bold outline, the remarkable individuality of the poet, the deep discord in his soul, the difficulty of a poet's position in the world, and much besides, affected the author deeply and excited his keenest interest in the reviewer. In December of that year, 1822, he therefore wrote to Immermann, giving expression to his gratitude for the warm words and assuring him of his highest esteem and most sincere love. Thus began a friendship that continued through Immermann's lifetime, a friendship which had to be maintained by correspondence, since the two poets met personally but once, and which manifested itself, among many other ways, in mutual suggestions and criticisms, in words of encouragement and helpfulness in all matters of publication, and in an honest admiration of each other's aims and endeavors.

More significant reviews followed Immermann's, and the young poet found himself received into a large and influential literary circle of Berlin, the circle that included Varnhagen von Ense and his talented wife Rahel,—the most intellectual woman, Heine tells Immermann, that he has ever known. In her salon he became a welcome guest, as well as in that of the charming poetess, Elise von Hohenhausen, who had translated extensively from the English and had been the first to remark upon the similarity of Byron and Heine. From Rahel, Heine learned to know and appreciate the genius of Goethe—"that constellation which Rahel's clear vision had been the first to discern"; in her salon he became acquainted with Ludwig and Friederike Robert, with Chamisso, Eduard Hitzig, Helmine von Chezy, Willibald Alexis, Michael Beer, who afterwards became Immermann's most intimate friend, Schleiermacher, Franz Bopp—in short, with all cultured Berlin. At first inclined to diffidence, he soon gained ease and assurance, and found in this company the stimulus, the friendly recognition, and the mature judgment that every young poet needs.

Nevertheless, in spite of his elation over the immediate recognition of his poetic ability and the tributes paid to his genius by critics of renown, in spite of the social dissipations of the metropolis and the inspiring academic life under a superior staff of professors, the poet was lonely and disheartened and Immermann's ready sympathy and intelligent appreciation attracted Heine to him. It

is touching to see from this first letter with what zeal he made himself acquainted with all of Immermann's work up to that time. First there were his poems and tragedies. The latter had followed close upon some insignificant youthful comedies in three successive years, 1819 to 1821, and were finally published together in 1822, effecting the author's *début* into literary life. Goethe, to whom the volume was dedicated, shrank back from all relations with Immermann, confessing that, while he thought well of him, he was himself too old a man now to wait for talents to mature. (To Staatsrat Schulz, May 18, 1822.) Then there was his novel, the "Papierfenster," and the pamphlets on his student troubles in Halle and these concerning Pustkuchen. This Pustkuchen—whose name Heine considerably explains to us in the "Roman-tische Schule" means *omelette soufflée* and suits his character—was an Evangelical pastor, who had published anonymously a continuation of "Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre" under the title of "Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre" (1821)—a work that mystified the public all the more as the first volume of Goethe's own "Wanderjahre" appeared at the same time. The so-called "Falsche Wanderjahre" created great excitement in the enthusiastic circle of Goethe adorers, and Immermann was not long in joining forces with the defenders of Goethe's fame through the publication of two pamphlets: "Ein ganz frisch schön Trauerspiel von Pater Brey, dem falschen Propheten in der zweiten Potenz" and "Der Brief an einen Freund über die falschen Wanderjahre Wilhelm Meisters."

Nor did Heine lose any time in making his new friend known to his Berlin acquaintances. He interested them to enter into discussions of Immermann's "Tragödien" in the journals; we have a picture of him surrounded by his literary friends, telling them, "half mad with joy" about the new tragedies, reproaching Varnhagen for his merely lukewarm praise of them in the "Gesellschafter" and finally presenting a copy in Immermann's name to Frau von Hohenhausen, who, through her articles in the Leipzig "Konversationsblatt" and other periodicals, helped to advertise his fame. We can see him persuading his friend Köchy to write something better for the first-named journal and through him securing the promise of Klingmann, the director of the Braunschweig stage, to produce there the "Petrarca."

"My letter would become too long if I wished to tell you in detail how very much your tragedies have pleased here, how much they have been praised, criticized, and found fault with—by poetasters. The latter are the natural enemies of good poets,

"and this vermin will not fail to feed on your beautiful laurels. Up to this time you have had this particularly good fortune, that in obscure Münster your personality has been concealed from most people. But wherever the true poet is, he is hated and maligned; the penny-poets cannot forgive him for wishing to be more than they, and the highest he can attain, to after all, is 'only martyrdom.'"

Heine reserves the discussion of Immermann's lyrics until later, as they have not satisfied him; but he devotes much space to the tragedies and not until toward the end of the letter does he mention his own poems. Then he expresses his gratitude for the review in the following sentences:

"The significant words in the 'Anzeiger' which you spoke concerning my poems have affected me deeply; I confess you are the only one so far who has divined the source of my deep sorrows. I hope, however, soon to be known perfectly by you; perhaps I have succeeded in my second poetic work in giving up the pass-key to my soul's lazaret. I shall soon give this book to the press, and it will be one of my greatest joys to make you acquainted with it. Really there are only a few people after all for whom one writes, especially if one has withdrawn more into one's self, as I have done. This book will contain my little malicious-sentimental lyrics, a southern Romance-drama abounding in metaphorical language, and a very short, gloomy northern tragedy."

In many ways Heine expresses his admiration of the man; he thinks that Nature must have given him, besides the gift of poetry, that of good health, else he could not accomplish so much; he tells him also that Professor Gubitz had long before desired him to ask Immermann for contributions to the "Gesellschafter," but he advises him not to dissipate his energy on journal articles. Finally he concludes his letter with the well-known words which I shall comment upon later. "I found the other day a little student publication: 'Ein Wort zu seiner Zeit von Immermann.' I think it is by you, and I was glad to see from it that even earlier a strong inclination for the good and right possessed you. War on time-worn injustice, on prevailing folly and evil! If you wish me as a confederate (Waffenbruder) in this holy struggle, I joyfully extend to you my hand. Poetry is in the end, after all, only a beautiful side-issue."

What Immermann replied we can only conjecture from references in Heine's letters, as Immermann's were destroyed in the Hamburg fire of 1833. Heine often spoke with sorrow of the

loss and said once to Adolph Stahr: "That was a correspondence "which we two as 'Streben' put much into, for we exerted at "that time an essential influence upon each other. Strange to "say, our relations in the biographies of Immermann have been "almost entirely ignored." In all we have fifteen letters of Heine and two of Immermann, and if we judge from Immermann's nature and his correspondence with Michael Beer, we can think of his replies as dignified and stately in language, having a certain note of distinction, less enthusiastic but no less sincere in tone than those of his impulsive, whimsical friend. This particular letter we know that Immermann answered a week later, December 31, 1822, and that he sought advice concerning the publication of his "Periander" and of a prospective periodical, the "Polyhymnia," to which he hoped Heine would contribute. The latter could promise no contributions, however, on account of his uncertain health, and though mention was often made of the project afterwards, it was at last abandoned.

In the next letter, written on the 14th of January, 1823, Heine again shows an unselfish desire to further Immermann's interests. He offers to see personally the Berlin publishers and advises Immermann to consult on the subject of publication Varnhagen von Ense, to whom he pays a high tribute, in that he declares him to be a man whose standing, character, loyalty, and critical ability merit the highest confidence, and whose co-operation would be more valuable to Immermann than anything else he might be able to effect for him. Heine was very eager to make Immermann known in Germany and to acquaint him also with his friends. Between him and Christian Sethe, one of his very earliest and at this time his closest friend, he tried to bring about a meeting, as Sethe was then practicing in the Münster Court. To each of the men he writes appreciative words of the other and promises to visit them both; then, failing to see his plan carried out, he is disturbed and fears that either their diversity of views concerning university life, or Immermann's feeling that Sethe holds first place in Heine's affections may be keeping them apart.

Moreover, to encourage Immermann not to hope for too great a fee for his new work, he tells him that he has been awarded by Maurer for his "Tragödien und Lyrisches Intermezzo" forty copies of the volume—"and ten of those have not yet been paid!"—and not a penny more! In the matter of publication, Heine found that he could be of some service to his friend, and a week later he reports again to Immermann that he has been able to interest his own particular advisor, Professor Gubitz, in him, and that Varn-

hagen has also recommended him to Brockhaus of Leipzig, and pointed out the advantages to be gained by publishing his works.

And so the correspondence progresses. Heine writes that he is comforted, strengthened, and inspired by it, and his letters show every evidence of deep interest in Immermann and sincere affection. As we should expect, the subjects were largely of a literary character. The poets were accustomed to send each other their works as soon as they were published, to criticize them freely, and to discuss their plans for future literary work. The freedom with which Heine gave suggestions and advice without fear of offending indicates an equal degree of frankness on the part of Immermann, whose letters must have displayed the openness and sincerity characteristic of their author.

On the appearance of the "Tragödien und Lyrisches Intermezzo," Heine forwarded a copy to Immermann with a letter dated April 10, 1823, in response to one received February 3. In this, the longest and most confidential of them all, Heine expresses his joy at having some one to act as his father-confessor, and he assures Immermann that he is one of very few who will be able to understand the confession in "Ratcliffe." More fully than to any one else, he confides to Immermann his pride in that drama, as well as his fears concerning "Almansor," which has already been seized upon and, much to Heine's disgust, branded as a *Tendenzgedicht*. The unfriendly attitude of the critics and the eagerness with which they made this accusation, rather than the accusation itself, is what caused the author's indignation, for in many places he acknowledges the polemical nature of the work and the fact that it was intended to serve the interests of the time. On the same day he writes Steinmann: "Do you know Karl Immermann? We must both take off our hats to him, and you first. He is a forceful, luminous poet-personality."

From now on, we begin to hear of Heine's plans to leave Germany and go to Paris, where he will study for a time and work himself into the diplomatic service. He has long cherished the hope, and quite agrees with all that Immermann writes on the subject. On his way thither in the fall, he will stop off at Münster and discuss the plans further with his friend. It is apparent that Immermann was also meditating such a step and Heine advises him to write at some favorable time an article that will attract the attention of diplomats, as he himself intends to do; he has great confidence in Immermann's fitness for this profession. A few months later, in May, Heine was so ill that he feared the frustration of his plans for Münster and Paris, and he writes his friend



from Lüneburg, whither his family had moved during his absence in Berlin, that it may be a long while before he can visit the "Knipperdollingstadt" and shake the hand of the poet "with whom he hopes to grow old": he has been deeply moved by Immermann's spontaneous use of a similar expression in one of his letters.

In the next sentence, Heine avows that, in the very first hour in which he read Immermann's tragedies, he recognized him for what he was; and he asserts just as emphatically that he is equally sure of the correctness of his judgment concerning himself. "That assurance springs not from dreamy self-delusion, but rather from a clear consciousness, an exact knowledge of the poetic and its natural opposite, the common-place. All things indeed are recognizable to us only through their opposites: there would be no poetry for us at all, if we were not able to see everywhere the common and trivial also; we ourselves recognize our own character only from the fact that the strange character of another person is perceptible and serves us as comparison."

In the letter preceding this one, Heine had asked, at Varnhagen's suggestion, that Immermann review his tragedies for the "Anzeiger," if he could do so without its being too great a burden. This Immermann has consented to do, and now Heine assures him that he may write the harshest criticisms without hesitation or fear of giving offence: he must be unprejudiced! He knows that the chief fault of his poems lies in their one-sidedness, in that they are all variations of the same little theme—a shortcoming that will be perfectly apparent to Immermann, whose poetry has for its theme the whole great world with its infinite multifariousness. "You have this in common with Shakespeare," he writes, "that you have comprehended within yourself the whole world, and if your poems have a fault, it consists in the fact that you do not know how to concentrate your vast wealth; 'Shakespeare understands that better and therefore he is Shakespeare.'" In thus distinguishing the vital qualities of Immermann's poetry, Heine showed remarkable penetration.

This is the reason, he continues, why Immermann is so productive. Overwhelmed by the mass of impressions, he has to take refuge in reflections, instead of creating characters, as Shakespeare does; and this is why the penny-poets and critics accuse him of imitating now Shakespeare, now Goethe. He really has more in common with the latter, because Shakespeare could express his view of life artistically in only one form—the dramatic—while Goethe employed all possible forms—drama, novel, lyric,

and epic. For himself, Heine confesses, the art of concentration is easy, because he has only a tiny bit of the world—one single theme to reproduce; it remains to be seen whether he will be as successful in a prolonged tragedy. He believes, however, that Immermann will master the art and that each drama will be better than the preceding. Meanwhile he realizes how much in his own poems will not stand the test of true critics; he thinks that his ill-health may be reflected in his poetry; it will not pain him, even, to have other faults indicated, but only this one distresses him beyond endurance: when people try to interpret a poet's utterances by reference to his views of life, his politics, his religion, his private hatreds, and his prejudices. There is so often no agreement at all between the outer and the true inner history, and in his case never!

By this time, Goethe had also recognized Immermann's talent, and praised his originality, trusting that his taste would purify itself. A few months later, in June 1824, he said to Kanzler Müller, "I am letting Immermann alone, for I cannot rightly construe him. How can one pass judgment on something that is still growing, problematical?"

In September 1823, Immermann was appointed Kriminalrichter in Magdeburg and in January of the following year he returned to the place of his birth, to make his home with his mother and brother. At first he felt himself a stranger in the city so much changed and beautified since his youth, and his duties were most onerous; but he gradually made for himself a place in the life of the city and distinguished himself in his office. We have but to consult the article that he published in Hitzig's "Zeitschrift für Kriminalrechtspflege" to learn how interested he finally became in everything connected with his profession. He still found opportunity to indulge his literary tastes, and throughout the year he was working up some old material of Gryphius into his "Cardenio und Celinde," a work that did not receive its final form until the winter of 1824-1825; projects for a great cycle of nine Hohenstaufen tragedies were occupying his mind, he was revising Elise's translation of "Ivanhoe" and planning a Magdalene tragedy—an enormous amount of energy expended, when we reflect that he had only his leisure hours to devote to literary pursuits, or, as Platen said in ridicule of Müllner: "Morgens zur Kanzlei mit Akten, abends auf den Helikon!" ("Die Verhängnisvolle Gabel.") This tremendous force and intellectual activity is what greatly impressed Heine when he was finally able to visit Immermann and converse with him face to face.

This happened the first of April, 1824. In March, Heine had given to the world through the "Gesellschafter" thirty-three poems belonging to the cycle "Heimkehr," and now, while on his way from Göttingen to Berlin for a much needed change and rest, he stopped at Magdeburg and spent four delightful days with his friend. The only record of this visit is contained in a letter from Heine to Christiani, written the following month, but he mentions it to Moses Moser, April 4, 1824: "I should know of nothing to tell you about Magdeburg, except that it encloses within its walls a splendid cathedral and at the present moment two very distinguished poets." On his return trip, he intended to see Immermann again, but the diligence stopped there for too short a time.

Probably the most absorbing topic of conversation was that of their literary aims and ideals and the mysteries of the poetic art. The very thought of all that Immermann had done and was then contemplating doing overwhelmed Heine, and he felt that his own activity amounted almost to nothing in comparison. He enumerates for Christiani's benefit the works that were engaging Immermann's attention: we know, however, that the program was too full for even an Immermann. Only one of the Hohenstaufen dramas "Friedrich II" (1828) appeared; the Magdalene tragedy was destined never to see the light of day, and the same fate befell the review of Heine's own tragedies, which he caught a glimpse of among some other critical writings of Immermann's.

Furthermore, we learn from the letter to Christiani that the two poets talked much of Goethe, as Heine greatly admired the stand that Immermann had taken toward the "Falsche Wanderjahre," and the Pustkuchen pamphlets find frequent mention in his correspondence both before and after this visit. He only regretted that his health prevented his taking part in the campaign against such presumption, but "sooner or later," he says, (April 10, 1823) "you will nevertheless hear my voice, and in Paris, where now there is beginning to appear a love for German literature, especially for Goethe, I intend to do my part." In fact it was the effectiveness of these pamphlets that led Heine to think there were great opportunities for Immermann as a political writer: "The knife that has so prettily cut up a Pustkuchen can also carve a diplomatic hare." No doubt Heine discussed most enthusiastically the details of his Paris plans, as he tells Christiani right after this visit that he "lobbied" a good deal in Berlin; but it is evident that with Immermann the whole idea was but a passing fancy, which grew out of his desire to give Elise, whom he hoped eventually to marry, something worthy of her title. The step

would have proved fatal, however, because Immermann's simple, abrupt, and uncompromising nature, his uprightness, and his determination to bring truth to light regardless of consequences, would have hindered success in this field. He could have become a champion of patriotic ideas for his beloved fatherland, but never could he have fought the complicated battles of cabinet politics.

Altogether, the letter to Christiani is a testimony to the deep respect and admiration that Heine felt for his new friend. "Immermann pays profound homage to my Muse," Heine tells him, and, in turn, he betrays a touching humility before Immermann's genius and confesses that he found him greater than he had anticipated. He is impressed with the feeling that Immermann lacks youth, but, as a compensation, he stands there a colossus of strength and repose. A bit of characteristic wit escapes Heine when in commenting upon Immermann's outward appearance, he says, "Ich sehe weit besser aus."

Whether we agree with this statement or not, we can hardly imagine a greater contrast in personal appearance than existed between the two men. Immermann was of medium height, square-shouldered and broad-chested and compactly built, like the ancient Romans, giving an impression of forcefulness, of sterling qualities, and intrinsic worth; his countenance was likewise decidedly imposing: massive face, high, broad forehead, dark hair, deep-set gray eyes with their penetrating glance, and tightly closed lips betraying an habitual expression of deep seriousness, firm determination, dignity, and calmness. Heine, on the other hand, was small and slender, narrow chested, yet distinguished in his bearing and appearance; his face was pale, with a high, beautifully chiselled forehead shadowed by short, light-brown hair; his small blue eyes were thoughtful and dreamy, and are said to have looked near-sighted and fatigued; his nose was almost Grecian, but a slight curve in the middle, together with rather high cheek-bones, gave the least suggestion of his Jewish descent. In him one instinctively recognized the poet, in Immermann the practical man of business—independent, imperious even—with other absorbing interests besides his literary profession.

After this visit, the letters between the two friends became less and less frequent, but Heine never ceased to speak of Immermann with affection, to enter into his plans, and to consider him a great force as man and dramatist. In 1830 he brought about a meeting between his beloved sister Charlotte and Immermann, as she passed through Düsseldorf on her way to Ems, assuring him at

that time by letter that any favor he might show to her would be more deeply felt than if it were shown him.

At the very time when Heine was pouring forth his admiration of the "Koloss von Kraft und Ruhe," Immermann was writing most impassioned letters to the Countess Elise, who had removed to Dresden, pending the separation from General Lützow, beseeching her to take pity on his hermit-like existence and come to Magdeburg. The material for his "Cardenio und Celinde" was also being turned to account and the work was assuming the form of a biographical confession; the words of Celinde can awaken interest and understanding only as the utterance of the Countess, yet Immermann had apparently betrayed nothing of his emotions to Heine. Not until a year later (April 22, 1825) was the divorce finally granted and Elise enabled to join her lover. That autumn they journeyed through the Harz Mountains together and then settled down in his mother's home; in the winter "Cardenio und Celinde" was finished and the poet gained some relief through verbal expression. Touching, indeed, is the attempt of Immermann, in the character of his hero, to induce Elise—the Celinde—to marry him; her refusal brought despair to the poet, who through the early training under the severe discipline of his father and through the convictions of his maturer years, had been led to base the welfare of the whole nation on a healthy family life. It is no wonder that the consciousness of his guilt overpowered him. He longed for nothing so much as to find peace in a wholesome, natural marriage relation, and this wish, which seemed a very modest one to him, could not be fulfilled.

Once more in Göttingen, Heine seems to have taken his law studies a little more seriously, though at the same time he was laboring strenuously on material for his novel, "Der Rabbi von Bacharach." In September he relieved the monotony by his tour in the Upper and Lower Harz and Thuringia, made his much-famed call on Goethe in Weimar, and by the end of November had already put the result of his experiences on paper. His contract with Campe detained him for a long while in Hamburg, but having finally seen the first volume of the "Reisebilder" through the press, he went home to Lüneburg, whence he sent Immermann a copy and on October 14, 1826, a letter describing his disappointment at finding nothing to do in Hamburg—nothing there but enmity, slander, and vexation. In his extreme bitterness over his lot, he has determined to leave Germany forever: his strength will not permit him to remain and encounter the hostility any longer. But first he will see the second volume of

his "Reisebilder" in print, and to this he begs Immermann to contribute, saying that he is reserving the best place for him and adding that the "Reisebilder" are at present the place where he is to bring before the public whatever he wishes and that the first volume has found such an enormous sale that it will soon go through a second edition.

Meanwhile, on April 29, 1826, Immermann writes to Varnhagen: "There appeared recently in the 'Gesellschafter' a Harzreise by Heine, which I liked very much. It has a sweet, fantastic charm, which would have been still greater, if Heine had known how to guard himself against certain rough-shod expressions." Nevertheless, it was welcomed by a most intelligent critique from Immermann's pen, written for the "Jahrbücher für wissenschaftliche Kritik" in 1827. Writing entirely from the standpoint of artistic appreciation, he emphasizes the purely lyric quality of all Heine's writings, the poetic descriptions in the "Harzreise," no less than the "Buch der Lieder," and admirably sets forth that unconscious wisdom of a poet, which leads him to restrict himself to a small field; for the narrower the field the more intense the poetic feeling, and the more intense the feeling, the nearer the possibility of success. Hence it is even to Heine's advantage that he recur again and again to an apparently exhausted subject, for only by the way in which a lyrist understands how to modulate and vary his theme is the poet recognized. For this faculty one must truly admire Heine. Immermann praises likewise the inner unity of his poems, the harmony of tones and colors, the irresistible directness and freshness and vigor of language, the brevity, which results sometimes in a too epigrammatic ending, and the wit. But he does not praise blindly; there are times when the form is not poetic and that happens whenever the poet is not calm enough to compose. He must never allow himself to be controlled by his material or carried away by passion; but the particular event with all its joys and sorrows must be held together by the free action of the imagination. This is what distinguishes a poem from a dull cry of pain or the shout of anger or derision, so that the latter within finite bounds becomes a symbol of the universal and infinite. It is noteworthy that Immermann fails entirely to grasp the significance of Heine as a German humorist and the value of the "Reisebilder" for the culture of the time.

In June 1826, while Heine was still in Hamburg, Immermann journeyed to Berlin for the last of his higher state examinations, and there he was received into Rahel's circle and learned to know Heine's friends. Having creditably passed the examination, he

was shortly afterwards appointed councillor of the provincial court in Düsseldorf; but before he left Magdeburg, he completed his "Trauerspiel in Tirol," which was revised as "Andreas Hofer," and worked out his esthetic treatise "Ueber den rasenden Ajax des Sophokles"—so important for his own development. Of this study, Heine wrote and had printed a review, but it has not been found. Twenty-five years later, in a conversation with Adolf Stahr, he says: "As Immermann wrote me, I was the only one to call attention to the significance of this excellent work, while the classical scholars and the antiquarian professionals scornfully 'passed it by.'" As for the former work, Goethe, in a few benevolent words to Hölty, expressed his pleasure that Immermann had "found himself," for he recognized the talent and the forceful individuality behind the work.

This tragedy was the first germination of the seeds sown in his four years of activity in Münster, while he was unconsciously observing the sturdy Westphalian peasant class, little thinking that the fruit was to be his richest creations—the portrayal of living people and contemporary history, which we find in "Andreas Hofer," the "Epigonen," the satire of "Münchhausen" and the Heimatskunst of the "Oberhof." Heine's praise in the third volume of the "Reisebilder" is among the finest tributes paid to a German poet:

"There is an eagle in the German fatherland, whose song of life and light resounds so powerfully that it is also heard down here, and even the nightingales cease, in spite of all their sorrows demanding melodious expression. That eagle is you, Karl Immermann, and often indeed did I think of you while in that land of which you have so beautifully sung. How could I travel through the Tirol without thinking of the 'Trauerspiel'?"

At the "Golden Eagle" in Innsbruck, where Andreas Hofer had lodged and where every corner was alive with memories of him, Heine's admiration increased for the poet that could create, as did Schiller, out of the very wealth of his imagination, something so like the reality, which he had never seen. He was delighted with the fact that the work was forbidden in the Tirol, and blushed with pride when, upon being shown the landlord's old, worn copy of the "Trauerspiel" he could say that the author, Karl Immermann, was his friend.

In the spring of 1827, Immermann took up his new duties in Düsseldorf, the birthplace of his friend Heine and at this time a beautiful city of thirty thousand inhabitants. Here he became acquainted with new types of men, enjoyed greater leisure, and

was troubled only by his relations to Elise, who had accompanied him—relations that were looked upon askance by his new acquaintances, so that he was reluctant to mingle with them. His gift of reading aloud, however, made him soon a guest much sought by the families of Düsseldorf and it was not long before he became one of that coterie of young men who were pursuing the same ideals and whom he found congenial and helpful in his Düsseldorf activity: the artist Wilhelm Schadow; the earnest poet Uechtritz, with whom he had corresponded since 1823 and who became a colleague of Immermann's in 1829; Karl Schnaase, who came in 1830 as Schadow's successor in office; the musician Mendelssohn, and Michael Beer, his intimate friend and confidant. This is the period which Immermann has so delightfully characterized in his "Düsseldorfer Anfänge" and in which he proved his ability as a dramaturgist. From 1835 to 1838 his endeavors were exerted to maintain a model stage with essentially literary aims. He was even granted a year's leave of absence from his official duties to conduct the new enterprise, but after three years the experiment was for financial reasons pronounced impracticable. Nevertheless, inspired by Goethe's example, Immermann realized in Düsseldorf what Tieck had attempted in Dresden; he produced the masterpieces of dramatic literature as they had never been performed on the stage before, and through his earnestness and his imposing personality, he was able to inspire and educate a troupe of fresh young talents to most creditable performances.

Immediately after Immermann's arrival in Düsseldorf, the second volume of the "Reisebilder" appeared, to which he had contributed those few satirical verses against the imitators of the "West-Ostlicher Divan," making merry over what he considered their mere metrical ingenuity and ridiculing their unnatural, oriental diction. The best is the one about their eating too much of the stolen fruit from the Garden of Shiraz and then vomiting up ghazals. Without his work on the "Ajax" Immermann would scarcely have written them; but now, having established for himself a firm standpoint, he could look back upon his own youthful imitations as a great mistake, believing no longer that a conscientious modeling of one's work after that of the greatest masters must lead to perfection. Imitation robs poetry of its historical basis and is impossible in true art, and German art, to be perfected, must be traced back to its beginnings and continued in a straight line from the earliest attempts. He could never again imitate or tolerate imitation in others, and hence his conviction that Platen's oriental metres were mere dalliance with forms that

could mean nothing to the German mind, and that such practice was a serious hindrance to the development of an independent German art.

The first intimation that his epigrams had hit the mark came to Immermann in 1828, when Platen's "*Romantischer Odipus*" unexpectedly appeared; for unlike Rückert and others, who must have felt themselves equally included in the satire, Platen could neither forgive nor forget the offence. The attack was directed against the more general aspects of Romanticism, especially its formlessness and its love of experimenting with new and uncouth metres, but Immermann ("*Nimmermann*") was made the target of the author's wit, while Heine, as a punishment for publishing the epigrams, was assailed in the most insulting fashion as a "*Pindar of the tribe of Benjamin*" and as the "*Petrarch of the Feast of the Tabernacles*." Immermann was deeply hurt; his sense of justice was outraged, especially as he had great respect for Platen, recognizing in him a seriousness of artistic endeavor akin to his own. Twelve years later he reviews the situation in the "*Düsseldorfer Anfänge*" with much regret and in "*Münchhausen*" he declares that Platen will come into Walhalla and belongs there, in spite of all his follies and blunders. He confesses also that he never read the "*Odipus*," but had the contents told him by his friends, so that he might learn the order of battle without destroying his humor for the skirmish. The story of the feud is long and ugly and would not need to be mentioned here except for the fact that it coupled the names of Heine and Immermann more closely than ever. Heine, too, had just shown sufficient interest in Platen to speak a good word for him to the Minister Eduard von Schenk, on whose favor the royal pension of 600 gulden, much desired by Platen, depended, and had gained for him also the goodwill of Madame Cotta. He had read, too, Platen's comedies and enjoyed them, finding them in form and style closely related to Immermann's, except that wit was lacking and the poetry, while genuine, did not flow so richly. (Letter to Immermann, February 24, 1825.) That the attack was without provocation and that Platen knew almost nothing of the two poets at the time when he wrote his "*Odipus*" has been proved by Heine's letters to Cotta, Varnhagen von Ense, and Immermann and by Platen's diary and letters. Cotta even offered to refuse the publication of the work, but Heine declined the favor, having already in mind his plan of campaign, as soon as the book should leave the press. November 17, 1829, he writes Immermann that in the forenoon of the day preceding he had chastized Platen and in the evening applauded

Immermann at a very successful performance of "Andreas Hofer" "You, Immermann, have played the judge. I will play, or rather, seriously personate, the executioner." He thereupon playfully chides Immermann for involving him in trouble and in revenge, dedicates to him the third volume of his "Reisebilder." He had thought of something more worthy, but deems it fitting now to present Immermann with the book in which the *spolia opima* of the great champion of Classicism are contained. The "Bäder von Lucca" he intends only as a fragment of a greater romance of travel, which he hopes to send Immermann in the fall, so as to dedicate to him something superior; when it is finished, the Count will be banished from the work; unfortunately it was never completed and the Count stays in. He writes further that he composed it under unfavorable circumstances, though not before months of deliberation: he is sure that it will annihilate his adversary, in spite of the moderation he has shown: had he told all that he could tell of his enemy, no one would believe him—he has had to conceal the whole truth in order to be believed.

It is interesting to see with what persistency both Platen and Heine claim to have aimed not so much at individuals as at whole classes. Platen assures Fugger that his "Odipus" was no work of personal revenge; he wished to hit all the poor insignificant poets of the time—"die ganze, tolle Dichterlingsgenossenschaft" of which he made Immermann the representative, and only incidentally did he cast a slur at Heine; while Heine asserts that he desired to chastize through Platen the aristocrats, priests, and enemies of the Jews in general. In both cases, however, the personal insults outweigh the impersonal. Later Heine assures Immermann that when he first heard in Munich of the intended lampoon, he told Schenck (and possibly Michael Beer also) that he would punish Platen for it, even if he himself should be spared, implying that he would do for his friend what he had never done for himself. In spite of his realization afterwards that he had injured himself with the best part of the reading world, he was satisfied in one respect: "Thank God, people are no longer saying, 'Poor Heine, poor Immermann!'" The commiseration was unendurable."

Immermann's retaliation was of quite a different order. It was entitled "Der im Irrgarten der Metrik umhertaumelnde Kavalier, eine litterarische Tragödie," and consisted of a prose preface and twenty-two poems in sonnet form, in which all personalities are avoided and only the esthetic principles attacked. He declares polemic unfit for poetry, because of its negative quality; only the positive is the element of art. He severely

blames Platen for cultivating the antique style and refined forms, which serve only to cover up a lack of real feeling, and as he wrote after his indignation at Platen's inexcusable behavior had worn off, the tone is mild and decent. His defence would have had more effect had not Heine's reply taken the attention of the reading world. Indicative of Immermann's attitude toward the whole are some words written to Marianne, April 24, 1839. "Of mankind in general I have a very good opinion. It is a theory of mine that no one injures another purposely, but that where this happens, awkwardness or narrow-mindedness is to blame. Therefore I am very soon reconciled in my thoughts to such as have done me any evil turn; in my meditation I soon understand such things in their natural connection and at this moment I could not name any one to whom I bear any resentment."

Heine, however, felt wounded in his most vulnerable spot and was filled with personal hatred and deep bitterness. His venomous reply was therefore meant to bring death to his enemy and to revenge the insult to his race and the infringement of human rights, as well as to reveal the national servility of the Germans. In its startling and absolute conclusiveness, it attained its goal, while Immermann's "Kavalier," in its more modest and becoming garb, failed.

In the day of theatrical scandals and literary contentions, criticisms of Heine were freely made, most of them sharp and unjust. They caused him so much annoyance, that he asked support from his friends, who, however, for the most part remained silent on the subject. But Varnhagen published in the "Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung" an article that was mild and just. Michael Beer's attitude toward the work was stern and unyielding. April 2, 1830, Immermann writes Beer from Düsseldorf: "I have sent Heine's 'Reisebilder' and wish to hear your opinion. He has lately approached me again and written me several letters in his childlike, confiding, droll manner. Your good will seems to mean a great deal to him; he mentioned you in almost every letter. In the last one, he wrote me that I should ask you to look after his interests with Herr von Schenk in the Platen affair, which I hereby do. His rejoinder is idealiter, to be sure, hard to parallel, yet, as a truly productive nature, he deserves all possible support. And, in the second place, it is to be taken into consideration that Platen first treated him personally in the meanest way." To this request Beer replies (April 11, 1830): "I don't know what he (Schenk) thinks of Heine's book. In correspondence or oral conversation I will be glad later to act

"as his advocate in so far as my honesty permits. If Heine asks "you again whether you have received an answer from me, tell him "he is to recall how often he has said to me that I handle most "things with kid gloves. Tell him I put on those gloves when I "read his book and am still the same weakling as of old, who can "not digest such coarse fare as his satire: in a word, that it "made me somewhat ill; that I send him my heartiest greetings, "however, and that my personal affection for him is still the same. "I beg of you, write him that."

A month later (May 3, 1830) Immermann mentions the subject again in reference to the suggestions that he had just received from Heine for the improvement of his epic. "This proof of "interest naturally pleased me very much, and therefore, as you "perceive, I must stand by him out of very gratitude." What Immermann did to support Heine, whether he ever spoke openly for him, is not to be discovered, but it is quite probable that, in spite of his disapproval, he tried to excuse Heine's conduct in the affair. Moses Moser, on the other hand, showed such disgust that Heine broke with him after years of friendship. In one of the two extant letters from Immermann to Heine (February 1, 1830), he thanks Heine heartily for dedicating the work to him and appreciates its excellence, but thinks that Platen might have been treated less harshly. For a long while the affair continued to annoy Heine, although he appeared to make light of the matter and, as Immermann says, his letters were full of droll utterances over the feud; but in 1847 he expressed himself with much consideration for Platen and regretted his attack on a man whose powers he had underestimated.

On February 3, 1830, in a letter to Immermann, he drops the disagreeable subject to talk of "Tulifäntchen," and with much tact and delicacy he confesses that he has had the poem lying on the table before him for ten days, having taken the liberty of bringing home the manuscript from Campe's office. Four years earlier Heine had recommended Immermann to his Hamburg publisher, expressing in a letter to Merckel his joy at being able to show his interest in Immermann and do Campe a good turn at the same time. Now, having read the manuscript and having certain improvements to suggest, he writes frankly, telling Immermann that the suggestions he would make concern a few tedious passages, which can be shortened, and certain metrical defects, which consist mainly in the coincidence of the end of a word and that of a metrical foot—a condition unendurable in trochaic tetrameter, but often remedied by the change of a single particle.

He asks: "Will you go through the poem again with this in mind, or shall I make the changes, and send them to you for approval or rejection?" It is significant for the confidence imposed in Heine's judgment by Immermann that he adopted nearly all the suggestions, acknowledging them as uncommonly fine and sound.

In his letter accompanying these suggestions, Heine writes: "The poem is excellent, full of real humor, containing definite, "surprisingly definite forms, and, as I believe now, all good "enough metrically. At least, besides the metrical faults it contains also metrical excellencies which have proceeded from the "soul, the primitive seat of metrics * * * * You, dear "Immermann, sin often enough against the outer rules of metrics, "which can be learned by rote, if need be; but seldom against "the inner metrics, whose norm is the heart-beat. Especially is "this shown in your caesuras; these—the hidden respiration of "the Muse, the shorter or longer continuance of which only the poet "knows who has dreamed in her arms—that is your metrical "force."

"Tulifantchen" remains the monument of the combined genius of the two poets. If one wishes a most enlightening comparison of their ideas of metre and an insight into Heine's more delicate sense of metre and rhythm, one should consult Elster's edition of Heine's poems, Vol. 7, pp. 262-277, where all the suggestions for metrical improvement are recorded, and also Richard M. Meyer's essay on Tulifantchen in the "Gedächtnisschrift." Heine was so charmed with Immermann's whole conception of the epic that it may have determined the form of his "Atta Troll" (1842). His Barentöter is certainly suggestive of Immermann's "Fliegentöter." In its delicious satire, which hits almost every shortcoming and weakness of the age with never any bitterness, its innocent humor, good-natured irony, and irresistibly funny parodies; in the lyrical charm of its verses, due in so large a measure to Heine's help, and, most important of all, perhaps, in the tone of the whole poem, which is that of one who is playing with his thoughts and loves the game—this delightful little mock epic shows Immermann at his best.

Through Campe's delinquency, the publication of the epic was much delayed: Heine writes in August 1830 that he is still looking forward to its appearance and mentions in the same letter the entertainment that the "Kölnischer Karneval," one of Immermann's two novels published in 1829, has afforded him; he is astonished at Immermann's mastery of the prose and the epic forms.

The answer to this letter, written October 6, 1830, is the second of the extant letters of Immermann. He is glad that Heine is planning something epic, as it seems to him the only style of poetry for the times. The monstrous contrasts, which every one has experienced, have called forth that calmly contemplative mood, which is epic. He himself has much material of that sort in his head, but will do nothing with it for the present, as he intends to be busy with his novels this winter. He has felt himself again in the grasp of the "theatrical demon" and has written a dramatic poem "Alexis" in two parts, representing the struggle of Peter the Great with the Old Russian party and the fate of the son entangled in its intrigues. Though he is sure that he has worked it up in a characteristic and dramatic way, yet he does not base the slightest hope of its theatrical success on this circumstance, as an intelligible interpretation would require more reflection and imagination than could be demanded of the poor stage-artisans. The letter ends with expressions of sincerest gratitude for the help on the text of "Tulifantchen" and the author begs that Heine order of the publishers as many copies as he wishes.

After Heine went to Paris, May 1731, there ensued a silence of nearly two years, broken finally by a letter from Heine, December 19, 1832. He wishes Immermann to co-operate with him in a vast enterprise: namely, the "Europa litteraire," for which he desires an article from Immermann's pen on the more recent German painting. This he believes Immermann will gladly furnish, because of his relations with Schadow and the Düsseldorf Art School. He explains that the journal is devoted entirely to science and the fine arts and that he himself is writing a series of articles for it on contemporary literature (his "Romantische Schule"). He hopes soon to make Immermann known to the French and to shed such light from France upon his laurels that his enemies shall weep.

Immermann furnished the desired contribution and, in turn, reference was made in Heine's essays to Immermann's early battle against Pustkuchen, in which "our greatest German dramatist" won his spurs. He mentions Immermann also in the "Salon," where he writes that he has seen recently only two theatrical works—two tragedies of Immerman's—"Merlin" and "Peter der Grosse," neither of which could possibly be represented on the stage, the former on account of its poetry, the latter because of its politics. Still again he says: "The value of great tragedies like those of Goethe, Schiller, Kleist, Immermann, Grabbe, "Oehlenschläger, Uhland, Grillparzer, Werner, and such great

"poets, consists more in the poetry than in plot and passion. But "however charming the poetry, its effect is felt more by the solitary reader than by a large company."

From this time on we have no records to show whether Heine read the remaining works of Immermann, upon which his fame with us really rests; but in view of the sincerity of his affection for Immermann and the interest that he still manifested in his writings even in Paris, it is safe to assume that he made himself acquainted with them all, sooner or later. We learn from Laube (*Sämtliche Werke*, Vol. 50; p. 151) that Immermann sent him in 1839 his *Münchhausen*, with the request that he share the work with Heine and give him besides the best regards of the author. And before this, when Laube, on his way to Paris, stopped to visit Immermann in Düsseldorf the latter again remembered to send Heine his warmest greetings.

In 1840 Heine learned quite by chance of Immermann's death and from the depth of his grief he writes to Laube (end of August) that he wept all night over the event. His letter shows how deeply moved he was and how sincere had been his friendship. "You know what Immermann meant to me, this old "brother-in-arms, with whom I made my appearance in literature "at the same time, arm in arm, as it were! What a great poet we "Germans have lost, without ever having really known him! "We, I mean Germany, the old unnatural mother! And he was "not merely a great poet, but also a man of bravery and honor, "and for that I loved him. I am quite prostrated with grief. "About twelve days ago I was standing one evening on a lonely "cliff by the sea, watching the most beautiful sunset and I thought "of Immermann. Strange!"

The attempt to establish any marked literary influence of Immermann on Heine or Heine on Immermann could only result in a very artificial structure, in spite of the many instances of similarity in both thought and mode of expression. The criteria for determining influence and appropriation of material have been furnished us by Richard M. Meyer* in such a way as to make the student of literature more cautious in his statements and less inclined to jump at conclusions than formerly. Let me quote a few examples from the works of these two poets which might tempt one to infer a stronger literary influence than the facts warrant.

* "Kriterien der Aneignung". *Neue Jahrbücher für das Klassische Altertum und für Pädagogie*. 1906, p. 376.

"Der Sprung aus dem Fenster". *Zeitschrift für deutsches Altertum und deutsche Literatur*. Berlin, 1909.

1. Tannhäuser: "Ich schmachte nach Bitternissen."
Merlin: "Ich schmachte nach Finsternissen."
2. In reference to the royal throne—
Memorabilien: "ein Ding von Holz, mit Sammet überzogen." Heine VII: 444: "einen Stuhl, der bedeckt mit rotem Sammet."
3. Münchhausen: "Wehe über dich, Sand-Jerusalem" (Berlin)
Neue Gedichte: "Verlass Berlin, mit seinem dicken Sande."
4. Heine: "Französische Zustände."
Münchhausen: "Knippelsdorfer Zustände."
Memorabilien: "Düsseldorfer Zustände."
5. Salon: "Das deutsche Volk gleicht einem Zopf von dreissig Millionen zusammengeflochtenen Haaren."
Memorabilien: "Dreissig Millionen Menschen fürchten!"
6. Memorabilien: "die retrograde Bewegung."
Romantische Schule: "retrograde Richtung" of Fouqué.
Vermischte Schriften: "Paris, der Werkstätte aller progressiven, aber auch aller retrograden Verbrüderungen."

And I so could continue the list indefinitely, for such similarities are striking. Both poets talk of the Lüneburger Heide as symbolic of the arid and barren; they have frequent references to "Zerrissenheit": Immermann speaks of "unsere kranken, zerrissenen, romantischen Gefühle" and Heine of "ein zerrissener Mensch" and "der zerrissene, europamüde Sohn"; they choose Holland as the scene of activity of one of their heroes; they delight in ridiculing the terminology of Hegel; they make merry over Weber's "Freischütz"; they satirize in similar terms the Fouqué type of iron knights; they deplore the movement that is making "machines like men and men like machines"; they speak in the same high praise of George Sand and in like derogatory terms of Victor Hugo, etc., etc. We must remember, however, that the ideas concerning industrialism, for instance, were common to everybody, and even the very phraseology which was employed in the discussion of certain issues struck the popular fancy so favorably that the whole generation used the same expressions. Thus "thirty million" plays a role in the contemporary literature; Beer uses the term and Börne remarks that 29,999,999 did not invent gunpowder. Objection was made to Heine's use of the expression "Französische Zustände," but Goethe also speaks of the "Göttingen Zustände."

Nor can we say that Heine's prose style influenced to any great extent Immermann's later works. Both poets saw the same

weaknesses in their fellow-men and took delight in satirizing them; but how different was Immermann's kindly humor from Heine's biting wit and merciless sarcasm! There was nothing in Immermann's nature that could respond to Heine's piquant, vivacious, scintillating, narrative style. His prose remains hard and often clumsy and lacks the purely artistic qualities, yet the autobiography betrays a lighter touch and in the section "Lehre und Literatur" we are tempted to think of Heine's "Romantische Schule" while the "Reisebilder" in general may have affected the style of Immermann's journals of travel. At any rate, the titles suggest these distinguished predecessors: "Ahr und Lahn" (1833), "Blick ins Tirol" (1833), and "Fränkische Reise" (1837). The language is certainly more picturesque, but even in the first named, which is the best, wit and grace are lacking, the tone falls into the pedantic, and the poet talks pedagogically of the human and historical elements of life, which alone seem to fascinate him. There is no nature sense: "Nature," he says, "makes still little impression on me; I have had enough of visionary absorption in the dead stuff." He regarded everything in a cold, objective way; the Rhine bored him, the outside world was dead.

If, however, we look at Immermann's last poetic composition his "Frühlings-Kapriccio" of 1833—we shall see without doubt the direct influence of Heine's "Buch der Lieder" and the "Nordseebilder." The poet imitates the four verse stanzas of the "Lyrisches Intermezzo," which became the favorite metre of Heine's successors; and, like Heine, he gives to the separate poems no titles. The free rhythm of the "Nordsee," which the genius of Heine succeeded in making indicative of the restlessness and the varying moods of the ocean, he also copies and the "Schwanengesang" in his collection "Welt und Zeit" is a striking example; but in his case the effect is that of unnaturalness and lack of harmony between form and content. He was not great enough to attempt with success the metrical license that Heine allowed himself, and as he lacked the fine, sure feeling for the language that Heine possessed, his taste is often questionable. We cannot say that the few antiquated words and the expressions in the popular tone used by him point to Heine's influence; they were rather in the air and eagerly adopted by all who loved and studied the folk-poetry. But there is a conscious attempt to imitate Heine's wit and coquetry and to employ in his manner sudden contrasts and surprising turns. At best, however, they are awkward: grace, delicacy, and spontaneity are wanting. In general I may say that we do not find in Immermann's poetry the features most

characteristic of Heine's. There is no rich personification of Nature, without which we cannot imagine Heine. There does not exist for Immermann that close bond of understanding and sympathy between man and the plant-and-animal-worlds. Nor do we find Heine's boldness of spirit, his scornful superiority to all traditional conventions, his disregard of formal rules, his striking antitheses, his Romantic irony. The few instances in which he tried to follow Heine's style in these respects are not very successful. On the whole Immermann's poetry could well be spared, in spite of many rich thoughts; the influence of Heine's lyrical style seen no less on the works of all the young poets of that generation and the next, is too slight to have raised the level very much.

It is his prose which deserves to live forever, and in this field he was practically independent, for, in the first place, he is the author of the most charming, most fascinating idyl in modern German literature; there is nothing comparable to it except Gottfried Keller's "Romeo und Julia auf dem Dorfe." It is to that true Dorfgeschichte, the "Oberhof," that Immermann owes his fame today. The genuineness of a native art, which so faithfully reproduced the character of the Westphalian land and people, a people that had kept its race pure for over a thousand years and still ruled itself according to tradition and custom; the remarkable portrayal of the Hofschulz; the elevation of a simple love-story, that of blond Lisbeth and her Oswald, from the monotony of a pastoral idyl to the eulogy of a strong passion and enduring love—all this will make the author live forever for the German folk. The beauty of this perfect gem would have suffered, had it not been possible to detach it from its setting; for it is, in fact, only part of a larger work, perhaps the most important Zeitroman in German literature, which Immermann himself called a story in arabesques and which is seen to be a confused mass of contemporary history, satire, and autobiographical elements gathered about the hero Münchhausen. As the work easily falls into two parts, a separate publication of the "Oberhof" was inevitable. The result is, that its readers do not realize that they have before them only half of a single composition; but for a perfect understanding of the author, his world, and his life, it is necessary to read both halves as he wrote them and observe their subtle connections and mutual dependence. It has been said that the work is unenjoyable as a whole, because of the confused technique of the Münchhausen chapters and the lack of commentary for an understanding of the satire, which would require an extensive knowledge of all the contemporary history and literature. The list of those whom

Immermann lashes with his satire is indeed inexhaustible; the aristocracy especially, but the lower classes besides; the fashionable writers of the day, of the Raupach and Pückler-Muskau type; Goethe, the Romanticists, the Young Germans, Menzel, Gutzkow, Kerner, Görres, Scott, Rothschild, von der Hagen; all the perversities of the day, the newspaper culture, the political instability, speculative philosophy; the whole range of isms; mysticism, Teutonism, provincialism, and philistinism, feudalism, with its medieval sentimentality, and industrialism. On everything affected and unnatural in the literature and life of his time, Immermann turned the lime light of his satire, and in this fact lies the fatal mistake of the work, that he condescended to satirize insignificant events and persons, with the result that, like Aristophanes, Rabelais, and Swift, he has hundreds of references to contemporary matters which can no longer be appreciated. But if not appreciated, the work can be enjoyed, and the excellent edition of Harry Mayne furnishes with its concise footnotes and its general introductory remarks the key to much that has formerly remained obscure.

The "Epigonen" (1836) has been called Immermann's "Wilhelm Meister," as the "Merlin" is compared with "Faust," and the "Memorabilien" with "Dichtung und Wahrheit." Through the "Epigonen" the poet won for himself a place of high rank in the national literature of Germany. In its outlines and certain characters it strongly reminds one of Goethe and may be called the last of the Meisteriaden. Like "Wilhelm Meister" it has an ethical background,—the struggle between the new industrial classes and the old aristocracy,—and the problems it discusses bring it into touch with the social philosophy of Goethe's later years. The novel represents the people of the "transition period" between 1820 and 1830 as sad Epigones, clinging to their old traditions and customs and finding no place where they really fit in,—the late-born of an age then rapidly passing away. And not only the individual characters, but the various social classes and even the literary life are all represented as decadent. The poet sees with dread the approaching conflict between agriculture and industrialism; with good-natured satire he again points out the many weaknesses and prejudices of the age, and with great sympathy he realizes the full tragedy of that problematic time—that time of vain seeking and longing, of changing values of life, of disappointment and resignation.

The "Memorabilien" shows clearly the influence of Goethe's autobiography, which Immermann greatly admired, and as his

youth actually had much in common with Goethe's, the poet delighted in following out the similarities. The serious tone, the depth of insight into the currents of thought, the alternation of autobiography and contemporary history in its relation to his life—this method of treatment can not but recall Goethe's style, to the disadvantage of Immermann's, however, as the latter did not possess the power to keep his work from falling apart into separate essays. It is to be regretted that the poet did not complete the story of his life and give us a picture of his experiences in the campaign of 1816 and of his activity as a dramaturgist in Düsseldorf; for that which he did write and publish belongs to the very best of our biographical literature.

III.

PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPLANATION OF THE RELATIONSHIP.

In the preceding pages I have reviewed at some length the biographical relations of the two poets in order to show clearly that there did exist a warm friendship between them for many years. It remains now to account for the nature of this attachment and the reasons for it. If we believe with Goethe that sharp contrast of character is the best foundation of friendship, then this intimate union will not surprise us; for here were two poets of essentially different character, starting out in life with different traditions, growing up amid most dissimilar political, social and religious influences, yet meeting on friendly terms at once and forming an attachment that was not a mere matter of sentiment but of moral conviction. That their talents supplemented each other is true, as Elster says, and the mutual stimulation of opposite natures is not to be lightly regarded; but I shall try to prove that there existed positive grounds of congeniality, and that where these were lacking in reality, they were still present in the mind of the poet Heine with sufficient force to attach him affectionately to Immermann until death separated them.

Were Heine's nature less complex, had his friendships been, as a rule, unmarked and unmarred by vicissitudes, we should not feel the especial interest in this relationship. But Heine, like most men of extremely artistic temperament, was nervous, high-strung, and over-sensitive; he easily took offense and easily gave it in spite of his real kindliness of spirit. As he himself confesses (letter to Lehmann June 26, 1823), owing to his character or rather his poor health, in moments of ill-humor, he did not spare his best friends, but found fault with them and treated them in the most outrageous fashion. But in all his letters to Immermann there is no trace of annoyance or irritability, no reflection of his ill-health—though he constantly speaks of the torture he is enduring from headache and of his efforts to improve his condition by sea-bathing and rest from his literary labors—nothing but the sincerest regard for the man and poet. Probably Immermann was the only friend, not excepting his nearest and dearest, who never felt the

bite of his wit or the sting of his satire. Maximilian, in his "Erinnerungen" of his brother, relates an incident to show that Heine, out of his regard for Immermann withstood the temptation of an almost irresistible witticism, which, had it found a place in his writings, would have made the touching close of the "Trauerspiel in Tirol" ridiculous. This last scene represented Andreas Hofer incapable of believing the report that Tyrol and its brave defenders were sacrificed by Austria, until he was shown the decree of the Emperor, whereupon, completely crushed, he cried out: "Des Kaisers Siegel." Now it was universally known that Emperor Franz of Austria had a passion for spending his leisure hours making sealing-wax of all colors. Said Heine to his brother: "Max, what a commotion Andreas Hofer or some one in the audience would cause, if at the end he should call out in despair, 'Des Kaisers Siegellack!'" but for heaven's sake, do not repeat this. I love Immermann, and treat him with far more consideration than—my brother."

Contrast now the situation here with that in the case of Heine's other friendships, both earlier and later. Heine showed himself always a judge of men and we can find almost no instance in which he misplaced his confidence. Real worth he was ever able to recognize and he possessed a keen critical insight into human nature, which enabled him to count among his friends an unusually large number of men and women of the soundest and noblest qualities. And yet there was hardly a friendship that was not at some time threatened with dissolution, if not actually dissolved. At present we feel that no German poet, with the exception of Goethe, has more friends among foreign nations than Heine. The French regard him as their own; the English translate him and seek to understand him; the Italians have long appreciated his talent and in 1875 produced his "Ratcliffe" on the Milan stage; while in Germany his friends are steadily increasing in number, as is evinced by the new editions of his works and the many dissertations and journal publications appearing constantly. Nevertheless, his new friends have to suffer for the same reasons that his contemporaries suffered, although with our deeper knowledge of his peculiar temperament and our broader view of his whole life, we can understand him better and forgive more. The bad, the common, the undignified in both his behavior and his works, his many faults and, chief among them, the fact that he desecrated his beautiful talent by ridiculing the highest and holiest—all this we look at more charitably now when we recall what a nervous sufferer he was his life long and understand all the conditions under

which he lived. Even as early as 1822 he begins to complain of the torturing headaches which were the precursors of his later nervous affliction, and he speaks repeatedly with admiration of Immermann's robust health, which helps him to overlook the miserable jealousies of the countless assailants, to whose attacks he himself is so sensitive. He cannot laugh at the censure of critics and ignore abuse, as he is sure that Immermann with his fine health can do. We recall the words with which Goethe excused Herder's bitterness, sarcasm and contradictory moods: "—we are apt not sufficiently to consider the moral effect of a morbid bodily condition and hence we judge many characters very unfairly, because we consider all men healthy and require of them that they conduct themselves accordingly." In Heine's moods and peculiarly complex nature there is enough charm to fascinate us and make the study of those whom he chose to call his friends an interesting and profitable one. Let us review the progress and fate of a few of these friendships, as an approach to the consideration of Heine's relations to Immermann.

One of his very earliest, dating from his lyceum days, was that with Christian Sethe, whom he so earnestly recommended to Immermann in his first letters. Sethe was a year older than Heine, a child of practical nature, quiet, calm, orderly, and dutiful—quite Heine's opposite, and he seems to have protected his friend against the taunts of the older school boys. After their gymnasium days together, they were separated for some years and then met at Bonn in 1819, where Sethe had gone to complete his law studies. He had grown up so thoughtful in speech, so grave, dignified and reserved in manner, with such an intelligent and judicious way of viewing things, that Heine gave him the nickname "Councilor" and to him he dedicated the "Fresko-Sonette" as a memorial of those days in Bonn. In fact, twenty-four poems in Heine's handwriting were found among Sethe's papers, showing the intimacy of their relations and the care with which Sethe preserved whatever poetic productions of his friend came to his hand. Yet Heine's relations to his friends depended greatly upon his mood. April 14, 1822, he writes to Sethe that after the 15th they can no longer be friends and that he absolves Sethe from all obligations—not because he is angry with him, but because Sethe is a German and in his present mood everything German is repulsive to him. Not long afterwards, he went back to his friend again, without mentioning the contents of the letter, and he speaks of him (letter to Friedrich Steinmann, April 10, 1823) as "—honest Christian, whose mere word on the Day of

Judgment will have more weight with the Lord of Mercy than the oaths of hundreds of thousands." A few sentences from a letter to Sethe dated August 1825, show still further Heine's uncertain whimsical relations toward his friends. He writes to borrow six louis d'or—"and even if you are no longer my best friend—as I do not hope—yet you are still the one among my best friends from whom I can most easily borrow, who, as a perfect philistine can most easily spare a few louis * * * And really, Christian, have your feelings toward me remained unchanged? as for me, mine remain the same, that is, I am angry with you now as ever nay, I should like to burst out against you today with a vengeance * * * and find fault with you and abuse you, all the more as I wish to borrow from you * * * The best thing about you is, that I love you and that you were always easy to borrow from." This letter he follows by another September 1, in which he assures Sethe that he is giving him the greatest proof of his friendship by turning to him in distress with implicit confidence, "in spite of many inner impulses of ill feeling" toward him. After a long silence between them, Heine reports to Klein (December 25, 1825) that he saw Sethe the summer before on his wedding journey in Norderney, that the Councilor had married "in order that the dear, good, true-hearted race might not die out"; and in 1843 when Heine visited Germany, he took pains to hunt up his old friend in Münster.

Among his professors, August Wilhelm Schlegel approached most closely to Heine. In the winter semester of 1819-1820 Heine heard lectures on the History of the German Language and Poetry by Schlegel and in the summer semester of 1820 a Historical-Critical Exposition of the Nibelungenlied and lectures on Metrics, Prosody, and Declamation; and Schlegel certified with pleasure to his excellent attendance and his attentive sympathy and application. He took a kindly interest in the youthful poems of his pupil and by his praise and wise criticisms he fired the aspiring young poet to vigorous activity. He initiated him into the mysteries of metrics, and to him Heine owes the care that he spent during his whole lifetime on the metrical finish of his poems. In the field of tragedy, Schlegel's encouragement was not so wise; possibly he misjudged his pupil also in comparing him with Byron and stimulating him to translate the English poet; but on the whole, his influence was significant. The marked attentions that he showed his talented young pupil were extended beyond the class room to his elegant home and Heine's three sonnets to him are a proof of the respect and esteem in which he held his distinguished

teacher, and of the support and encouragement received from him. "Concerning my relations with Schlegel," he tells his friend Friedrich v. Beugheim in 1820, "I could write you much that is gratifying. He was well satisfied with my poems and at their originality almost joyfully astonished. I am too vain to be surprised at this. I felt very humble when I recently received a formal invitation from Schlegel and chatted with him for hours over the steaming coffee cup. The oftener I go to him, the more I find what a genius he is and that it can be said

"Unsichtbare Grazien ihn umräuschen

Um neue Anmut von ihm zu erlauschen."

But in spite of his beautiful tributes to Schlegel during his university days, Heine treated him with all too little respect in his "Romantische Schule"; for while his characterization is after all incomparable and true, the personalities are offensive and unpardonable. Again in the columns of the "Allgemeine Zeitung" he maliciously satirized Schlegel on his mania for public distinction ("Probably with the exception of August Wilhelm Schlegel, there is not a woman in Germany who would so like to be labelled by a gay ribbon * * * *") in revenge for a hateful epigram in which Schlegel criticized his former pupil's literary activity in Paris. Heine repeatedly boasts of having driven his literary rival out of Paris by this article.

Of all Heine's friends, none had such a good and powerful influence on him for so many years as Moses Moser. A banker by calling, he nevertheless found time to devote himself to all possible philosophical and historical studies and cultural activities with the greatest enthusiasm, and was one of the founders of the "Society for the Culture and Education of the Jews." Heine calls him "the man in Israel with the finest feelings"—his "Arch-friend"—"the philosophical part" of himself—"the correct edition de luxe of a real man," and characterizes him as a "living epilog to Nathan der Weise." He confided to him his most cherished plans, his dearest wishes, and Moser showed him endless proofs of helpfulness and devotion, sending him reports of politics and all that was going on in the literary and artistic circles of Berlin, when Heine was in Lüneburg, forwarding him whatever books and periodicals he needed for his studies and loaning him money repeatedly. His kindness and willingness were inexhaustible and a voluminous correspondence was maintained between the friends from 1823 to 1830, when Heine broke with him in a most contemptible fashion. The rupture was due to Moser's unfavorable criticism of the third volume of Heine's "Reisebilder." Heine let a

period of silence follow Moser's remarks and not until the latter wrote again, attributing his silence to injured pride, did Heine reply. Then, in a letter to Moser from Paris June 27, 1831, he writes: "I was never sensitive over any opinion of yours that concerned the *poet*; also, whether you blamed or praised any one of my acts that I did as a *man*, was, if not quite indifferent to me, yet not offensive. I am neither at all injured by you nor offended and my silence is not a dumb complaint. I complain only at the gods, who left me in error so long over the way in which you comprehended my life and aims. The latter you have not comprehended, and that is what grieves me, you do not yet understand, you have never understood my life and aims, and our friendship has therefore not ceased, but rather never existed. We never demand of a friend agreement, but understanding of our actions; let him praise or blame according to his own principles, but he must always understand them and comprehend their necessity from our particular standpoint, even if his own is quite different."

The break was irreparable, but five years later financial distress forced Heine to write his friend a most touching appeal for aid, in which he assures Moser in pathetic words of his friendship. "Indeed I have thought of you often enough and when not long ago I lay sick unto death and in a sleepless night of fever mustered all my friends to whom I could entrust with safety the execution of a last will, I found that I did not possess two such friends on this earth and believed I could reckon only on you, perhaps also on my brother Max. And therefore I turn to you today, and the friend to whom I have not written for years will receive today a letter from me asking him for money."

Varnhagen von Ense and his wife Rahel, who received and entertained Heine so hospitably in Berlin, had likewise to suffer from his oversensitiveness and irritability. Varnhagen showed himself always a wise and just critic of Heine's works and did much to establish his fame. His first act of helpfulness was to seek a publisher for the "*Junge Leiden*" and to introduce the young poet to Professor Gubitz, who published, we remember, a series of his poems in the "*Gesellschafter*." For this same periodical Varnhagen wrote an appreciative review of Heine's poems, even before that of Immermann appeared and he was also the first to greet with a few friendly words the "*Tragödien*" (*Gesellschafter*, May 5, 1823). In his own characteristic way, Heine often expressed his gratitude for all such favors: "You have both shown me such great kindness and love and have cheered and braced

"me up and polished me off—me, ill-humored, sick man—and "helped me by word and deed, and refreshed me with macaroni "and spiritual food. I have found so little true kindness in life "and have already been so much mystified, and from you and your "noble-minded wife I have experienced really humane treatment "for the first time" (June 17, 1823).

The tribute that he paid Varnhagen in his letter to Immermann (January 14, 1823) has already been pointed out. It was Heine's practice to consult him in financial difficulties and on literary questions and he found him a wise counselor and just critic. But their friendly relations were somewhat strained at times, and once Heine's irritability caused a break that might have been permanent had he not generously made the first advance toward reconciliation. It happened in 1823 when Varnhagen accused him unjustly of a falsehood concerning his relations with Fouqué. They were in Hamburg at the time and Heine was in an unusually nervous and excitable mood, because of the painful associations that the city had for him, so that he magnified the importance of the affair. When, however, in the following spring Heine returned to Berlin, he longed so to restore the old friendship that he wrote Varnhagen a most conciliatory letter and succeeded in re-establishing the former confidence and intimacy again.

As for Rahel, her instinctive appreciation of Heine's poetic gift and peculiar temperament was immediately felt by him and he joyfully owned that no one understood him so well as she. "I do not need to write Frau von Varnhagen long letters. If she only knows that I am alive, she knows also what I feel and think." His letters are full of affection for "the dear, good, little woman with the great soul," who had been kind to him—"a poor waif of a despised race." In a farewell note to her April 12, 1823, occurs this passage: "* * * if perhaps after several centuries I have the pleasure of seeing you again as the loveliest and "most splendid of all flowers in the loveliest and most splendid of "all the vales of heaven, then have the kindness again to greet me "—poor prickly holly (or am I something still worse?) with your "friendly glance and sweet breath, as an old acquaintance. You "will surely do it—have you not already acted in a like manner in "1822 and 1823, when you treated me—sick, embittered, surly, "poetic, and insufferable being—with a grace and kindness which "I certainly have not deserved in *this* life, and for which I must be "indebted only to kindly memories of an earlier acquaintance?" To her he dedicated his "Heimkehr," writing later to her husband (July 29, 1826): "The reasons for my dedication she has divined,

I believe, better than I myself. It seemed to me as if I wished to express in this way that I belonged to some one." Yet even Rahel had to suffer from his oversensitiveness, for he took offence at a well-meant reproof of hers, that if he considered his visits such a great favor to her, she did not wish him to come. His answer the next day was curt and cold and betrayed clearly that his pride was wounded and that he was receiving all too much attention; but he soon came to a realization of the wrong he had done his friend through his hasty words and with a profusion of roses he made his peace again.

Heine's friendship and break with Ludwig Börne are too well known to require more than a mention here. For years the two men were regarded as like-minded apostles of freedom, and in 1827 Heine, in passing through Frankfort, sought him out and spent three days of idyllic peacefulness in the enjoyment of Börne's wit, good-humor and kindly interest in him. But in Paris the political antagonism and personal friction became apparent and Heine's essay "Ueber Börne" is the most heartless of all his works and the most difficult to defend.

To no one was Heine more loyal than to his publisher, Julius Campe, whose wide experience with young writers gave him a peculiar influence over them. Heine repeatedly praises his keenness of insight and was sensible to the wisdom of his advice and judgment. He took from him corrections and plain speech that he would never have borne from another, accepted his suggestions regarding changes in his manuscripts, restrained himself many times from some hasty action, and altogether betrayed a childlike faith in his older friend. The relations, however, were of a distinctly Heinesque character; time after time they were on the point of rupture, when Heine would remember to distinguish in business disagreements between the publishing firm of Hoffmann and Campe and the person of his old friend Julius Campe (letter to Campe April 7, 1835). He complains unceasingly of the paltry amounts received for his books and abuses Campe both directly to his face and indirectly in his letters to others,—not only on account of his lack of liberality, though Heine feels that keenly, but also because of the mutilations to which Campe allows his manuscripts to be submitted. Forgetful of how much he really owed Campe for his cleverness in outwitting the censorship, he raves again and again over the fact that his writings are so handled that his words no longer represent his thoughts at all: he vows that he will never give Campe another line, if he does not print his poems as they were written; hostilities sometimes lasted for whole years. Fortunately,

however, the relations were never entirely broken off and both parties gained thereby. Maximilian Heine relates in his "Erinnerungen" a scene with his brother in Paris, when the question arose as to whether the poet would ever have a monument in his fatherland.

"In Hamburg I have one already," interrupted the poet with a satirical smile.

"Where?" exclaimed Maximilian in astonishment.

"If you keep to your left from the Börsenplatz, you will see "a large house, which belongs to the publisher of my 'Reisebilder,' "Mr. Julius Campe. That is a magnificent monument of stone, in "grateful remembrance of the many and large editions of my " 'Buch der Lieder'!"

In this way I could continue indefinitely the list of Heine's friends, showing how in his gloomy hours he turned rudely away from them and in pride and agony misjudged their love and scorned it. At such times he felt himself, like Goethe's Tasso, the object of a conspiracy, became suspicious and sarcastic, and then bitterly repented the hasty words or deed that resulted in estranging him from his friends. Toward Immermann, on the contrary, he never made use of his sarcasm or caustic wit; the tone of his letters is one of deepest respect, with at times something of deference even.

The question is asked whether, if Heine had seen more of Immermann, he would not have despised him as a philistine—the type of man he most abhorred: Immermann himself acknowledges to Beer (May 3, 1830) that he has "the tinge of a certain genteel philistinism" in his nature. My answer to this question I shall reserve until the conclusion of my thesis. In the meantime, there is one thing to be borne in mind: namely, that Heine idealized all his friends to some extent. In Rousseau and the other "poets" of his Bonn days, he saw the same nobility of purpose with which he was inspired and a striving for the same lofty ideals. Hence his encouragement of their literary efforts and his reluctance to admit their failures. Throughout his life, Heine continued to idealize his friends and the members of his family, seeing in them what he wished to see. This tendency is the natural and inevitable quality of the subjective temperament, and of this type we have no better example than Heine. As he absorbed by his personality the whole external world and saw all nature as a mere reflection of his own moods, himself the center of the universe and everything else in sympathy with him, so it followed that he projected himself likewise in his friends and found in them the image of his own ideals and beliefs. This happened, I am convinced, in

the case of Immermann, and in connection with their political views I shall speak of the subject again. Meanwhile, if we remember to distinguish between what Immermann really was and what Heine thought he was, we shall be better able to understand the reasons for the friendship.

In the first place, a mutual sympathy drew the poets together. "Sick, isolated, persecuted, and unable to enjoy life" are the words in which Heine sums up his condition at this time. "I have almost no friends at all here now; a pack of scoundrels have striven in every possible way to ruin me, they unite with old so-called friends, etc." (letter to Sethe, Berlin, January 21, 1823). As a result of the adverse criticism of his "Briefe aus Berlin," sneers and taunts had begun to be directed even against his poems; the second letter almost brought on a literary feud with Baron von Schilling and he was attacked by Köchy in the "Konversationsblatt." The essay "Ueber Polen" which appeared in the "Gesellschafter" in January 1823, called down the wrath of the nobility upon his head. He had written it the preceding fall for a certain Count Breza, at whose invitation he had visited Posen during the summer and whose departure from Berlin he speaks of with such regret in the Berlin letters. In spite of the censor's red pencil, the article aroused great antagonism and in Heine's own words to his Jewish friend Wohlwill (April 1, 1823): "This essay has agitated the whole grand duchy of Posen; in the Posen journals there has already been three times as much abuse written about it as the essay itself amounts to, and, what is more, by the Germans there, 'who will not forgive me for portraying them so faithfully and for raising the Jews to the third estate of Poland.'" His attempts to shake off abuse with a shrug of the shoulders were vain; Heine shrank from it and could not overlook it with the ease of a less sensitively organized person. To Immermann and others he complains of the slander and injustice to which he is subjected and envies the former his fine health, which must enable him to disregard such ill-treatment.

The sense of isolation was common to both poets. It was deepened in Immermann by his conflict with the "Teutonia," as I have said, and no doubt Heine's expulsion from the Göttingen Burschenschaft was a factor that contributed to his loneliness. Then as they became more sensible to the indifference of the times to poetry, they felt that they could never be understood by their contemporaries and their hostility to their surroundings became greater. "More than ever the poet takes his stand in open opposition to the rest of the world," says Immermann in his Rezension,

and this feeling of isolation was but a foretaste of what both poets were to suffer all their lives—the pathetic solitude of genius.

Soon after the appreciative article of Immermann's appeared, Heine writes to Ernst Christian August Keller (June 15, 1822): "Immermann's review moved me almost to tears. I am really taken aback by the fact that I am most profoundly understood in Münster. In general, the susceptibility that my compatriots have shown for my slight talents and the profoundness with which they have judged the same has greatly delighted me, all the more as here all sentiment is getting more dulled every day and the critics almost surpass the authors in shallowness of mind." Sept. 1, 1822 he refers to the subject again in a letter to the same man: "Whether I am praised or blamed, I am unmoved; I go my stern way, which I have once recognized as the best. Some say it will lead me into the mire, others say it will lead me to Parnassus, still others say it will lead directly to hell. It is all one to me, the way is new and I am seeking adventure. But nevertheless the love with which I have been received by my compatriots has moved me. Truly I have been treated better than I deserve."

It is not surprising, in consideration of the abuse and slander which Heine's first works had called forth, that Immermann's sympathetic understanding of his poetry and character won his deepest gratitude. But I would refute at the start the idea that Heine's subsequent praise of Immermann grew out of this sense of gratitude. And with just as little reason can we attribute it to the feeling of gratified vanity. That Heine was vain needs no proof, his vanity crops out in a most naive way. The quality of reserve seemed to have been left out of his character and we find instead a frankness in the expression of his feelings that disregards all proprieties and sentiments. A certain childlike openness remained with him always and he loved to talk about his works and to know what others said about them. Instances of this trait are numberless. In speaking of his "Almansor," for example, he writes to Steinmann, February 4, 1821: " * * * it contains bewitchingly lovely passages and scenes; originality is everywhere in evidence; everywhere scintillate surprisingly poetic figures and ideas, so that the whole flashes and gleams as though in a magic shimmer of diamonds. Thus speaks the vain author, the enthusiast for poetry." To Friedrich von Beugheim (1820) he writes: "His (Schlegel's) first question is always concerning the publication of my poems, and he seems to desire it very much. Also you, dear Fritz, seem to ask me about it likewise. Unfortunately,

“on account of the many changes that I have made on Schlegel’s advice, I have still many poems to rewrite and many entirely new poems and metrical translations of the Englishman to add to them. The latter are succeeding especially well and will prove my poetic dexterity. Enough of self-praise.” To Moser, November 6, 1823: “It has aroused my indignation to see from your letter that evil things have been said and written of me from Hamburg * * * I expect you to write me openly. It is of endless moment to me to know what people say about me in Hamburg.” Again in the same month he begs Moser to write him the full particulars of his status in that city and of Lehmann he makes a similar request. Often Heine solicited praise from his friends and was cast down when he did not get it. But he sought it openly and never tried to procure it by flattery. To Steinmann, one of the closest of his early friends, he writes, February 4, 1821: “I have read and re-read with a hearty sense of comfort your dramatic specimens sent me. But the fact that you ask my opinion of them puts me to embarrassment. I am too well acquainted with man in general not to know that people expect only praise, when they beg, even in all humility, for the severest judgment, that they nevertheless at heart look upon such a judgment as unjust, if it turns out to be fault-finding or quite crushing, and even if they do not exactly hate the honest critic on that account, neither will they love him the more for it. For men are the vainest creatures and poets are the vainest among men. Whoever wounds the vanity of a poet commits a two-fold lese-majesty. This is precisely where I fail, and it is just this which makes me universally hated, that I know this experience and yet do not turn it to account.”

Now Steinmann was one of Heine’s most intimate associates during his Bonn days. Together with Simrock, Rousseau, Beughe, and Neunzig, the two formed a little coterie of “poets,” who displayed great enthusiasm over art and criticized each other’s works with lively interest. But Heine saw that Steinmann had no real poetic gift, and, in spite of the desire to please his friends, Heine showed himself a stern critic and told him the hard truths without hesitation, softening them somewhat with his kindly wit and encouragement. “Be severe toward yourself,” is his constant admonition, and he adds (Oct. 29, 1820): “you know I seldom praise, but when I have reason to bestow praise, it flows all the more irresistibly from the depth of the heart. Steinmann’s so-called ‘dramatic poems’ he criticizes thus: ‘You have at least produced real tragedies. But whether they are good?

" * * * I doubt it. Perhaps the fault lies in the trochaic tetrameter, which to me is intolerable anywhere in a drama. Possibly from prejudice I tolerate there only the iambic pentameter, yet these iambs must not rhyme; or at most only in strictly lyrical passages * * * The poetical figures * * * look like Pharoah's lean cattle. What surprises me most in you is that everything bears the character of haste. Finish 'Anna von Cleve.' I believe you could put it on the stage if you should work in allusions to the trial of the present Queen of England. Study that trial. But, in general, be severe toward yourself. This cannot be sufficiently recommended in the case of young poets."

"Many a one of your poetic compositions (to Steinmann, April 10, 1823) has come to my notice since (his last letter), and most of them have appealed to me in an unusual degree. But much also has not come up to my expectations. You have known of old my honest severity and my severe honesty in such things and if you are still the old Steinmann and have still the old confidence in me, then such a judgment will certainly not wrong you. Some of your songs I liked very much, but in one of them I almost broke my leg over the old familiar rough hewn 'hold' (Heine had earlier criticized Steinmann's use of this word), and however much respect and approval the little tragedy claimed, yet in one ice-cold place in it I nearly froze to death. I hope you will write something that might be more suitable for the stage."

Such plain speech is not the language of one who returns praise for praise, whether it is due or not. If this had been Heine's practice, he would have had many occasions to use his eloquence and comment favorably upon the works of his friends, notably in his relations to Ludwig and Friederike Robert. But neither gratitude alone nor desire for notice and approval was a sufficient impulse to friendship; in several instances Heine even forfeited a friendly relation through his frankness in speaking what he considered the truth.

In the six months that elapsed before Heine acknowledged Immermann's article, he came to feel intimately acquainted with his works and the personality of the author. He tells him outright that he is not satisfied with his poems, because he read the tragedies first, but with the latter he is so delighted and in praise of them he has so much to say that he will have to wait until a more favorable time, when he is not oppressed with sickness. Only "receive for the present my sacred assurance that I consider you

"next to Oehlenschläger the best living dramatist." Since this statement must be indicative of Heine's true sentiments concerning Immermann, let us consider as our second point the reasons why Heine was attracted to Immermann on the literary side.

Why did he like "Das Tal von Ronceval"? That Heine was much interested in the legend of Roland is shown by his poem "An eine Sängerin—als sie eine alte Romanze sang"—the first "occasional poem" of the young writer. His brother Max relates in his "Erinnerungen" that there was at that time attached to the Düsseldorf opera a very beautiful young singer with a wonderful alto voice. She lived a rather retired life with her mother and went about very little except with the Heine family, in whose home she was looked upon almost as a daughter. On the occasion of a great concert for the benefit of the poor, this singer, whose name was Karoline Stern, sang at Frau Heine's request, an old romance, which called forth an unprecedented storm of approval, and Frau Heine, during the supper that followed at her home, expressed her regret that it had never occurred to any of the gentlemen to dedicate a poem to her. Harry, who throughout the evening had had eyes only for the charming singer, gave to his mother the next morning the above mentioned poem, which pleased the singer so greatly that she kissed the confused young poet and treasured the romance as the dearest souvenir. The mood that stole over the boy on listening to the old legend of Roland and the Tal von Ronceval, the Romantic haze that enveloped the singer, and the re-animation of Charlemagne's knightly characters—it is all so typical of Heine, even to the last stanza, when he is aroused out of his reverie by the applause of the audience and shouts of "bravo!"

Another evidence of his fondness for the legend is found in "Atta Troll" where he lets the bear hero take refuge in the highly romantic valley of Ronceval in the Pyrenees, the scene of Roland's death. The poet's journey thither is pictured with all the Romantic ecstasy that he was capable of.

So much for the legend. There are also lyrical beauties contained in the tragedy, which would attract Heine. Of one such passage he writes to Immermann, April 10, 1823: "The place 'where Zoraide impels Roland to flight always moves me even to tears. It seems as if I had once wished to write this passage myself, and could not because of excessive pain. In 'Almansor' somewhere I attempted it again, but in vain. Astonishing how many similarities these works have, even in material and setting! Some of the very lines from Immermann's tragedy Heine adopted

"as the motto of his 'Almanson,' so striking did he feel the resemblance to be between their dramas:

"Glaubt nicht, es sei so ganz und gar phantastisch,
Das hübsche Lied, das ich euch freundlich biete!
Hört zu: es ist halb episch und halb drastisch,
Dazwischen blüht manch lyrisch zarte Blüte!
Romantisch ist der Stoff, die Form ist plastisch,
Das ganze aber kam aus dem Gemüte.
Es kämpfen Christ und Moslem, Nord und Süden,
Die Liebe kommt am End und macht den Frieden."

It is evident that the lines belong quite as properly to Heine's tragedy as to Immermann's. Heine's material is decidedly romantic and the form plastic in the sense in which he understood the word, which he interpreted in his excellent little essay on the "Romantik" as referring to clearness of outline in contrast to the vagueness of the Romantic forms. The third verse from the last belongs even more truly to "Almanson" than to "Ronceval," because the love element in the latter had little similarity with Immermann's own heart-tragedy, being objective rather, and common to the Romanticists in general, while Heine's came from the "Gemüt" and was purely subjective.

Perhaps the second of the three tragedies "Edwin" interested Heine especially because of the English setting, since he himself had written in January 1822 a tragedy, "William Ratcliffe," treating the old Scotch ballad of "Edward" and laying the scene in England. Also "Edwin" is even richer in fine lyric and epic qualities than "Ronceval," but, more than this, it contains as a very prominent element what must have spoken to Heine's heart: namely, that of dissatisfaction with the age. Mixed up with the romantically poetical is a most modern irony and a practical, everyday sort of reflection upon the shortcomings of the present. All of Immermann's works except his last have this tone of discontent and of resignation to conditions that seem almost hopeless; and of course this disharmony between ideals and real life is the keynote to Heine's writings and to his Romantic Irony, with which he tried to bridge the deep chasm between reality and idealism.

He with many of his Berlin friends considered the drama suitable for the stage, but other readers laughed to scorn his efforts to secure its production. "Your 'Edwin' is being viciously attacked," he writes Immermann (Jan. 21, 1823), and he encloses a clipping from the "Freimütigen" of the 18th, containing a

particularly annoying form of abuse—which, by the way, he wrongly attributed to Uechtritz as the originator, to whom he generously apologized on learning his error. In this notice “the Rhenish artist, Herr Heinrich Heine, who from excessive modesty does not venture to come forward with his talent, is urgently requested by his admirers to delight them with mimic-plastic representations from Immermann’s ‘Edwin.’ ”

But better than “Edwin” Heine liked the third drama “Petrarca” because, as he states in his letter June 10, 1823, it is more concentrated, although “Edwin” is richer. “It is true,” he continues, “that just because you did not know how to concentrate strictly your boundless wealth, not everybody can overlook the same, and your tragedies do not have the phalanx-like effect, as those of many of our present writers of tragedy, who laboriously compress into five acts all their stock of beet-root poetry. With me the art of concentration was easier to practice, because I had only a little bit of the world, only a single theme to represent. Since then, especially this winter, in a condition of illness, I have absorbed more, and in the tragedy that I shall perhaps publish in a few years, it may become manifest whether I, who have heretofore painted only the history of Cupid and Psyche in all varieties of grouping, can paint equally well the ‘Trojan War.’ ”

To be sure, the speeches of the characters are still too long and the style verbose, but Heine knows that this is a common error of all young poets and that his “Almansor” has the same fault, because of the “accursed metaphorical language” in which he has had to let “Almansor” and his oriental associates talk (April 10, 1823). This would help to account for the leniency with which Heine regarded the same weakness in Immermann.

The very subject—a theme of love without any further idea—would be apt also to attract Heine, and, indeed, the public in general; we know that Varnhagen liked “Petrarca” by far the best. It was written under the influence of Immermann’s love for Elise, and is the most personal of the three tragedies. A sympathetic reader could not fail to catch this intimate note and get a deeper insight into the personality of the author. On the whole, it seems to us the best in style, composition, and plot. Although Immermann did not create any real characters until he produced his “Münchhausen,” yet he did succeed in sharply individualizing some of his persons in “Edwin,” and “Petrarca” shows some further progress in characterization.

Moreover, the metre satisfied Heine's sense of propriety, for, like the other two dramas, the "Petrarca" is written principally in iambic pentameter. While under Immermann's pen this verse was neither musical nor fluent, it was the only metre, as we have learned from his words to Steinmann, which Heine could tolerate in a drama. His efforts to get the play produced on the Braunschweig stage failed, in spite of favorable promises on the part of the director.

These, then, are some of the reasons why Heine placed Immermann next to the leading Danish Romanticist, Oehlenschläger. In how far was he right? Goethe was dead, as Heine expressed it, and, in the same sense, so was Tieck. With Kleist's suicide in 1811 the drama received a blow from which it was long in recovering. The Romantic School with all its theories was unable to produce a single dramatist of note. That strange phenomenon, Christian Dietrich Grabbe, was too unbalanced ever to write dramas of stage merit, and his "Herzog Theodor von Gothland," which was the only drama as yet begun by him, had in Heine's eyes not very much poetic or dramatic promise. Nor had Michael Beer shown what he could do for the stage, while Platen's satirical dramas, in imitation of Tieck's, were not written for some years later. The period was dominated in part by Raupach, who had succeeded Kotzebue as playwright, and like his predecessor, held the higher ideals of poetry in cynical contempt; in part by the fate-tragedy, a type for which Zacharias Werner with his "Vierundzwanzigster Februar" set the fashion in 1808 and which Müllner and Houwald imitated for more than a decade. So far it is not surprising that Heine ranked Immermann above the other living dramatists, but he overlooked the most illustrious name in the literary annals of Austria—Franz Grillparzer. "Die Ahnfrau" had been received in 1817 with great enthusiasm by the Viennese public: "Sappho" had appeared the next year, "Das goldene Vlies" in 1820, Grillparzer's mastery of dramatic technique, the striking beauty of his verse, the classic proportions of these tragedies seem to have made no impression upon Heine. Indeed, according to a letter from Alfred Meissner, who is one of the most trustworthy sources for our knowledge of Heine's later life, to Gustav Karpeles (quoted in the latter's biography of Heine) the poet never, to his recollection, mentioned Grillparzer: he certainly did not exist for Heine. Their natures were too widely different although there are many connections between "Ratcliffe" and "Ahnfrau," the latter being, for one thing, virtually a fate-tragedy.

This failure to recognize the greatest dramatic poet of the nineteenth century seems strange to us, who see Grillparzer now in all his literary significance and forget how he might have appeared to his contemporaries. In his adherence to the traditions of the Weimar Classicists, Grillparzer must have seemed imitative and coldly objective to the Romantic poets, who demanded subjectivity and placed too much emphasis on the personal note and the imaginative element. Yet Heine does reveal a somewhat uncritical judgment in other respects, which we may attribute to his youth. He had an open mind and a good gift of observation, but he could not pass judgment with the sureness and unprejudice of a more experienced person; he understood too little of the great movements—literary, political, and social—to grasp their full meaning at that time. An interesting and charming little essay written in the summer of 1821 only confirms this opinion; for it treats sympathetically, even lovingly, the tragedy by Wilhlem Smets called "Tassos Tod"—a work abounding in rhetorical and bombastic language and far surpassing Immermann's tragedies in extravagance of expression. The impulse to write it doubtless came partly from Heine's desire to clarify his own ideas on the subject of the requisites of a good drama and to account for the principles of esthetics that he already entertained, since now all his interest, as we know, was centered in his own dramatic attempts and the answer to the question in his own mind whether he could or could not write a drama.

The essay is a clear exposition of the difference between lyric, epic, and dramatic talent. Heine sees plainly that poets who are masters of the lyric often accomplish nothing worth while in the epic or dramatic. He takes us into the workshop of each class of poets and shows how the dramatic poet must have a purely objective view of his material, while with the epic poet the subjective element may enter to a slight extent, even the *Odyssey* and the *Nibelungenlied* not being entirely free from it. The drama, on the other hand, offers no chance for the author to project himself into his work: it must be purely objective. This explains why so many poets go over with success from the province of the lyric to that of the epic, since they do not need to renounce utterly their subjectivity but may gradually accustom themselves to objectivity by attempts at romance, elegy, and novel, where the two forms are mixed. In case of the drama, however, the strictest suppression of all subjectivity is demanded, as there is no transitional form between the purely lyric and the dramatic: the personal connection is entirely severed.

After so clearly analyzing for us the nature of the different poetic temperaments, Heine went to work and wrote a drama more subjective than his "Almansor," set forth even more passionately his agony of love and his murderous hatred of his favored rival (Amalie Heine, his cousin, had married in 1821): and, what is more, the author cherished a far better opinion of it than of "Almansor," apparently for the very reason of its purely subjective nature. He believed, too, that he had avoided the mistake of being too wordy, and repeatedly expressed the faith that it could be acted. It is true, the ideas are more concentrated and more forcibly presented, but the suspense is pathological, the action halting, and there is again no real characterization. Nothing shows a poet's hopelessness in the dramatic field better than the lack of ability to create characters, and here Heine's theories and practice are in strange contrast; for he says in this same essay: "The drama presupposes a stage, not where somebody sits and recites the piece, but where the heroes of the poem appear in person and speak and act together in their rôles. Here it is essential that the poet merely note down what they say and how they act. Woe to the poet, however, who forgets that these living impersonators of heroes have the right to group themselves and make faces according to their own free choice, that the theatre costumer looks out for pretty costumes, the scene painter for pretty environment, the conductor of the orchestra for vague Romantic feelings, and the lamp-lighters for clear illumination. That never enters the epic poet's head; and when he attempts drama, he becomes entangled in beautiful counter-descriptions, delineation of character, and too fine shadings. Finally, the drama permits no lull in the action, no scenes of simultaneous action, still less of retrospection, like the epic. The chief characteristic of the drama, then, is a steady advancement of the plot and a harmonious working together of dialog and action."

In "Almansor" some of the same faults are apparent: the action is no less halting; the chorus is unnecessary and foolish, and epic elements enter, in that the poet explains instead of making the characters speak. Although there is some individualization, there is no really vigorous characterization; nor is there any tragic guilt present: the material in both cases is more sad than tragic. In "Almansor" the hero is weak, passive, and lacking in virility, the love plot is tame and flat. On the whole, it is the lyrical element that predominates, while "Ratcliffe" takes a step in advance through its more vigorous dialog and the consequent decrease in the amount of lyric.

In general, we may say that Heine's preference for the subjective drama and his overestimation of the imaginative element, which was his inheritance from Schlegel and the Romanticists, were additional grounds for his admiration of Immermann's turgid "youthful failures," as they have aptly been called. His delight over "Tassos Tod," which made it difficult for him to judge the drama according to the cold rules of dramatic art, and his pleasure in the shallow works of Steinmann are indications of the same predilection. Such is his blindness to the faults of the former, that he excused the lack of the unities of time and place and even of interest, because the last was replaced by the unity, of feeling—that quality which banishes from the lips of the spectator or reader the question "Why?" and makes him feel in harmony with the outcome, whatever it is. To this same prejudice we must also attribute his blindness to the classic drama of Grillparzer and his admiration of much that seems to us unworthy.

But even more than the dramas of Immermann themselves, Heine admired the dramatic talent of the man, which enabled him to accomplish with comparative ease what he himself could not do, shut out as he was from the whole field of history, epic, and drama by his subjective type of mind. The thing he most longed for was to write a good drama and the man that could do this was the object of his envy. How intense was this desire to see a work of his put on the stage, a few extracts from Heine's letters will show.

To Steinmann he writes Oct. 29, 1820: "I have just finished "except for a few lines the third act of my tragedy 'Almansor.' "That was the hardest and longest act. I hope to finish the other "two also this winter. Even if the play does fail to please, it will "at least create a great sensation. Into this work I have put my "own self, together with my paradoxes, my wisdom, my love, "my hate, and all my madness * * * It will surely be put on "the stage—it matters not when. The play has cost me enough "exertion, and to speak plainly, I am almost beginning to think "that it is harder to write a good tragedy than to be a good swordsmen (We recall that Heine never succeeded in learning the art "of fencing.) although in a duel you have to make twelve rounds "and in a tragedy only five. I have held perfectly to the rules of "Aristotle and conscientiously accepted his dueling ground in "respect to place, time, and action. And also I have further sought "to put some poetry into my tragedy." And it is only too true

that he himself is in the work: all the pain of the last years, the anguish over the loss of Amalie, his Jewish aversion to Christianity, and his bitterness over his persecution—all is compressed into these few short acts.

Again to Steinmann (Feb. 4, 1821), he writes of "Almansor": "I have worked on it with the expenditure of all my energy, spared neither heart's blood nor sweat of brow, have finished it except for half an act, and to my horror I find that this splendid work, which I myself have gazed wonderingly upon and idealized, not only is not a *good* tragedy, but does not even deserve the name of tragedy.* * * *A tragedy must be drastic* and that is the death-sentence of mine. Have I no dramatic talent? Easily possible. Or have the French tragedies, which I once greatly admired, unconsciously exerted their old influence? This latter is somewhat more probable. Just think, in my tragedy all three unities are most conscientiously observed, usually only four characters speak, and the dialog is nearly as select, polished, and rounded off as in the 'Phedre' or 'Zaire.' You are surprised? The riddle is easily solved: I have tried also in the drama to unite Romantic spirit with strictly plastic form." Thus the belief that "Almansor" embodied his theories concerning the necessity of combining romantic content and plasticity, is expressed here before he wrote his essay on "Die Romantik."

Once more to Steinmann (April 10, 1823) he writes: "My tragedies have just left the press. I know they will be all pulled to pieces, but I will tell you in confidence: they are very good, better than my collection of poems, which is not worth a charge of powder."

To Immermann the same day Heine says that "Ratcliffe" contains a principal confession and he has the fancy for believing that Immermann belongs to the small number of those who will understand it. He therefore begs his friend to read it in a propitious hour and without interruption. "I am convinced of the value of this poem (hear! hear!) for it (the poem) is true, or I myself am a lie; everything else that I have written or am still writing may perish and will perish."

May 4, 1823, Heine sends the tragedies to Maximilian Schottky, the author and critic, with the request that he or his friends bring them before the Viennese public by a critical review in the "Wiener Jahrbücher." He has written "William Ratcliffe" for the stage, and he believes that a discussion of it may stimulate some theatrical management or other to accept it. The dedicatory lines to Chris-

tiani, his new friend in Lüneburg, give evidence of Heine's exaggerated idea of its value:

"Ich und mein Name werden untergehen,
Doch dieses Lied muss ewiglich bestehen."

In comparison with "Ratcliffe," "Almansor" now seemed mild to him. The following verses to Friedrich Merckel, the young Hamburg merchant, show his preference for his latest creation:

"Ich habe die süsse Liebe gesucht,
Und hab' den bittern Hass gefunden,
Ich habe geseufzt, ich habe geflucht,
Ich habe geblutet aus tausend Wunden.

Auch hab' ich mich ehrlich Tag und Nacht
Mit Lumpengesindel herum getrieben,
Und als ich all diese Studien gemacht,
Da hab' ich ruhig den Ratcliffe geschrieben"

When we know what pride Heine had in his dramas, what hopes and fears he entertained for them, we can imagine his bitter disappointment at their failure as stage pieces. To Gobitz he writes (Oct. 21, 1823), "I cannot repeat to you often enough 'that everything you do to make my tragedies known will be requitted to you in heaven'; and to Moser, Oct. 28, 1823: "For 'heaven's sake, are you serious in the statement that 'Ratcliffe' is to be put on the stage? Give me assurance! Wouldn't I be 'happy if this succeeds!'"

It was a long while before the poet ceased to hope that the tragedies would be acted, but "Ratcliffe" never was performed in Germany, and "Almansor" was hissed off the stage in Braunschweig, where Klingmann had his adaptation of it presented. This unpopularity was due not so much to the theatrical weakness of the piece and to the hostility aroused by the bitter religious views, as to mistaken identity, the audience believing that in the author, the Jew Heine, they recognized a much disliked Braunschweig money-lender of that name. (Strodtmann Vol. I. p. 273.)

In the summer of 1823, at the very time of the failure of "Almansor," the plan of a Venetian tragedy was engaging Heine's attention, and June 26, 1823, he writes Lehmann from Lüneburg: "A whole, new, five-act tragedy, certainly original in every respect, stands vague and yet in its chief outlines before me."

Two months later he reports to Moser from Cuxhaven: "The tragedy is worked out in my mind, and I shall apply myself to writing it down, as soon as I have peace and can do so. It will be very deep and sombre—nature mysticism. Do you not know where I can read something about love-spells, magic in general? You see, I have an old Italian woman to portray, who practices sorcery. I am reading a good deal on Italy. Have me in mind if you come across anything that concerns Venice, especially the Venetian carnival."

The news of the ill-success of "Almansor" no doubt disheartened the poet, for we hear no more of his Venetian tragedy until two months later, when he again reminds Moser to remember the information about love-spells. Through the diary of his friend Dr. Edward Wedekind, we know that the plan was still occupying Heine the next year. (Karpeles, Heine, 1899, p. 83.)

We recall also Heine's famous remark to Goethe, to the effect that he was busying himself with a "Faust." Be this true or false, he surely told his Berlin friends that he was at work on a "Faust," and for two years we hear this from one or another. Wedekind mentions it and Heine himself in letters to Merckel and to Varnhagen, for whom he claimed to be writing it. But the plan, if ever entertained, was given up and in 1847 his Ballet-poem under that title appeared—the nearest approach that Heine ever made to another drama. Later in life, however, the desire still pursued him. Heinrich Laube, who knew Heine in Paris, reports:

"In conversation with him I often noticed with astonishment what a sympathy for dramatic form he displayed, how he positively yearned to be able to write a piece that would be played. He tortured me with the repeated question whether his 'Almansor' and 'Ratcliffe' were really then not acting dramas. To me this longing for dramatic form was a curious sign, a sign that at bottom his genius was dramatic. He lacked calm force, justness of mind, and patience in renunciation of personal desires; he used up his dramatic talent for monologs * * * " Theodor Mundt has a similar longing of Heine's to report, so that we know that as late as the thirties and forties the idea of writing for the stage still haunted him.

How can we doubt, then, that Heine's intense desire for dramatic expression was an important factor in exciting his interest in the dramatist Immermann—an interest that could only increase as he observed the apparent ease and rapidity with which Immermann brought forth new works? On the other hand, can we fail to see what attraction a lyrist like Heine would have for a poet

who was still struggling with lyric forms and seeking adequate expression for his fullness of thought? For Immermann was not a lyric poet. He did not yet know wherein his strength consisted, as Heine writes to Christiani in May 1824, while Heine himself was at the height of his powers and independent from the very start. This gave him in the field of poetry a decided advantage over his friend, whose attempts to utter his subjective feelings resulted in a clumsiness of form that is pitiful, when we consider the richness of the soul life beneath this outer covering of ponderous diction and halting rhythm. Heine's sensitive ear was offended by the strangeness of the form, and though he liked the "Elegien," he said that he had much to criticize concerning the metre. Imitation of the antique verse had always been repugnant to him, and since he himself had never been able to write six lines of it, he felt that he could speak thus frankly to Immermann without giving offence. Moreover, Heine's musical sense remained completely unsatisfied, for Immermann was not musically attuned. In his lyrics there are no melodious succession of tones—no tender, melting harmonies, but rather dissonant chords and harsh uneven measures. Richard M. Meyer gives an example of one fearful verse, which would hardly have escaped a true lyricist. ("Gedächtnisschrift" p. 48):

"Lass uns die Lippen zum Knoten der Wonne verschürzen."
(Poem "Am Tos.")

His poems lacked grace (Anmut), a quality more French than German, which gives such charm to all that Heine has written, both poetry and prose. And one more quality Immermann lacked, which Heine possessed in the highest degree: taste—that fine, selective faculty, which tested every word and every turn, until finally the most significant expression of the idea, the most insinuating rhythm and verse-melody was found.

Now Immermann received little encouragement for his lyrical productions, and for this reason he became afflicted with a sad and morbid self-conceit, peculiar to the times. He said himself that if a poet does not find readers and hearers to make his work live, he will lose himself all too easily in solitude, and in the end find a poor compensation in gloomy self-glorification. The contrast between his lack of recognition and Heine's immediate popularity must have impressed itself forcibly upon him, and he sought to discover the reason why Heine seemed a being of a new order. Through his criticism of the first volume of the "Reisebilder" Immermann showed that he distinguished in Heine the essentially

lyrical genius and could appreciate it; but, though he tried all his life to attain superiority in this field, it was only seldom that inner necessity drove him to lyric utterance, and for this reason the results are labored and betray the effort that it cost the poet to produce them. March 14, 1830, Heine writes Immermann to thank him for the lyrical collection received from his friend and expresses much admiration for a great part of the poems in so far as the poetry is concerned. "Die Wiege des Königs von Rom" he calls "superb," the elegies "splendid" (in all probability because the satire on current political history pleased him); but there are material faults again, and he finds it difficult to criticize the poems individually; he marvels at Immermann's productivity in general and encourages him to keep on with his dramatic works, writing without reference to the stage and leaving the work of adaptation for the stage to those who understand the business—then things will go better. These seem to be Heine's last comments upon Immermann's lyrical works. The next collection was the charming little "Frühlings-Kapriccio" of 1833, which two years later was embodied in Immermann's final collection of poems, which he selected with great care from those of 1822 and 1830.

Another consideration must not be overlooked in this literary relationship: the fact that the two poets were not rivals and never conflicted in their separate fields. Immermann, through lack of appreciation from without, came to hold himself, as I have said, better and higher than his contemporaries would concede him to be, and for the failure of his dramas as stage plays, he blamed not himself, but the times. So long as he chose the best models and imitated them, he believed that he could count on the approval of the best critics. This he did, and when the praise was not forthcoming, it was the fault of the age: the dramas were good. A like confidence in his own superior talents inspired Heine. He never doubted that in the field of the lyric he was supreme. The very adjectives with which he everywhere characterized his poems prove this, in spite of an occasional prophecy that they would soon be forgotten. He knew that they were fresh and original, full of music, popular in tone, like those of Wilhelm Müller, which he so sincerely admired. From his Bonn days, when he was in the midst of a perfect hotbed of poets—Simrock, Rousseau, von Beugheim, Steinmann, and Neunzig—Heine realized the greater worth of his own productions, though he found pleasure in the works of his friends and even called Rousseau an excellent poet worthy of the laurel. And again in Berlin he triumphed over all his literary friends. So convinced was he of the supremacy of his genius,

that it mattered little to him whether his poetic satellites of those days continued to revolve about him or traveled in new orbits round that lesser luminary Grabbe; he could laugh at them all. And when he failed to receive all that he believed his due, it was to the unfeeling times, again, that he attributed the cause.

It was therefore not with reference to Immermann's lyrics that Heine wrote those appreciative words occurring in his very first letter: "Fools are of the opinion that on account of the 'Westphalian points of contact, (you have been thought a Westphalian up to this time) I should have to compete with you, and 'they do not know that the beautiful diamond sparkling so brightly 'can not be compared with the dark stone, which is merely curiously 'formed and out of which the hammer of Time strikes wild, angry 'sparks. But why concern ourselves with fools? From me you 'will always hear the confession, how unworthy I am to be named 'beside you.'" We have seen that Heine did not care for the lyrics, but rather was he attracted by the dramatic ability of the man, and hence the homage. Had the provinces of the two poets not been so distinct that each was secure against the encroachments of the other, a competition for mastery of the field would in all probability have followed and, instead of friendship, antagonism might have resulted: or the poets might simply have ignored each other. But it does not profit to think what might have been; the interesting fact remains that each felt himself master of his own province and this feeling was respected and encouraged by the other, so that there was never any cause for conflict or jealousy.

Heine's realization of his own failure as a dramatist could only increase his respect for Immermann's talent. He looked forward to the appearance of Immermann's "Periander" most hopefully, not doubting that the one fault of his first tragedies would here be overcome: namely, the tendency to wordiness. But in this he was disappointed. In the first place, the tragedy was a failure from the point of view of construction. The exposition scenes are lacking, the speeches too long drawn out; contradictions and cases of poor motivation are numerous, and wordy descriptions impede the progress of the action. There is a wild confusion of most glaringly contrasted elements; the theme—the destruction of a whole race as a consequence of a crime committed by the head of the family—is antique and also a favorable motive of the fate-drama, except that there is no connection of the fate with any particular day or object. Periander, King of Corinth, has murdered his innocent wife because of jealousy. In spite of his immediate repentance, he cannot avert the consequences:

his children turn from him and he dies alone and unloved. The tragic lies in the unfulfillment of his longing for love, and the work is a product of the over-wrought condition of Immermann's own mind through his passion for Elise von Lützow. The fault of divided interest works against any distinct sense of harmony and satisfaction at the end, but the subjective tone and the strength that is everywhere apparent would make their usual appeal to Heine. *Strength*, Heine could admire everywhere, for it was a quality less marked in his own lyrical nature, and this characteristic of all Immermann's writings took the place, in the estimation of the youthful Heine, of a certain lack of artistic sense and good taste. As yet Heine had no settled criteria. The fate-drama was still rampant and he composed his own "Ratcliffe" under its influence. In fact, he writes to Adolf Müllner (Dec. 30, 1821) that the latter's "Schuld" was once his favorite book, and that if he has become a poet, it is due to that work (The play on the double meaning of the word "Schuld" is of course lost in translation.) Nevertheless, "Periander" did not fulfill Heine's expectations and he calls it "the poorest masterpiece" that he knows (Letter to Ludwig Robert, Nov. 27, 1823,) while to Moser he writes (Sept. 30, 1823): "It is a most remarkable production. I can not pass judgment on it. I can see that it contains charmingly beautiful details, "but whether the whole is a clever fusion of the antique with the "modern, or merely an unsuccessful kneading together of Sophocles "and Shakespeare—I do not know. There are purely antique and "purely modern forms placed alongside each other—genuinely "antique spirit is often manifest—but I will rather hear first what "others say."

Just before Heine's visit to Immermann, the latter's comedy, "Das Auge der Liebe" had gone to press. As soon as Heine read it, he reported the fact to Moser (Oct. 25, 1824) adding: "If one reads it with its title, it is pleasing, otherwise not; there is much in it that is fine, however."

Four months later (Feb. 24, 1825) he writes to the author, to thank him for his letter and latest work. He tells him that he found the book awaiting him on his return to Göttingen the preceding fall from his foot-tour in the Harz Mountains, from the heights of which he had seen the lofty towers of Magdeburg and thereby thought of Immermann and his towering genius. The poem he read with "the eye of love"—time and mood were both favorable—and he gave himself up to the pure enjoyment of it, rather than to any critical examination, finding in it an overflow

of wit and an abundance of real poetry. Yet in order not to admire rashly or be governed by predilection, he subjected it to the strictest test possible, in that he read immediately afterwards Shakespeare's "Midsummernight's Dream," and it did not weaken the impression produced by Immermann's poem. This comedy—the most romantic of all Immermann's youthful works—had the good fortune to appear on the Berlin stage in 1828, where it was enthusiastically received, but it was never given anywhere else, and its popularity was shortlived. Still, the fact that Heine had to read it with the eye of love proves that it failed to satisfy him completely, in spite of his statement to Moser (Feb. 24, 1825) that the work surpassed Platen's comedies in wit and wealth of poetry.

Another work of Immermann's mentioned by Heine in this same letter to Moser is the "Neuer Pygmalion," a short story which appeared in the "Taschenbuch für geselliges Vergnügen" for 1825, and showed a decided advance over the "Papierfenster" He says:

"I should like to say concerning it about the same thing that 'the mad Englishman on the stairway in Naples said of 'Werther,' namely, 'I do not like the book, but neither do I understand how 'it was possible to write it.' Really, I do not care for this tale, I 'am even hostile to this type, but I marvel at your masterly presentation and still more at your finished prose.'"

It was not until "Cardenio and Celinde" appeared in 1825 that Heine found himself able to admire unreservedly. Upon reading Varnhagen's favorable discussion of it, he was beside himself with joy. "With infinite pleasure, Herr von Varnhagen, I 'saw how you have estimated in the 'Gesellschafter' Immermann's 'Cardenio' and I am glad to support your opinion that Immermann 'far surpasses all his contemporaries. This work is now my favorite 'reading. It seems to me as if I had written it myself.'" (May 14, 1826).

To Immermann he expresses himself even more jubilantly (Oct. 14, 1826), saying that it was the best book that he should wish to write; that it had all his own fantastic sickness and yet at the same time all the indestructible health of Immermann; that in this book their two selves had met. And truly, the work was almost universally recognized as the powerful expression of a mighty talent, however grossly its inartistic form, its crudeness, its brutality, even, must offend the esthetic sense. But, as we have seen, Heine allowed the element of strength to take the place of the beautiful in dramas, and we learn that as late as 1843 he enjoyed and greatly praised Hebbel's "Judith," (Hebbel's Diary,

Oct. 14, 1843) admiring especially that very quality. None of Immermann's works so stirred Heine to the depths of his being as did this one. The very theme of disappointed love, the force of a great passion, which defies with over-powering violence all moral principles, the insight it gives into the soul of the poet—this called forth all Heine's sympathy and he felt that it was written with the heart's blood of the poet, as his own sorrows had been written.

In this connection it will interest us to see how Heine's personal preferences disagree with the theories that he works out abstractly and objectively on the question of esthetics. At the end of the essay on "Tasso's Tod" he says concerning the tendency of the modern drama to present on the stage as a matter of course the most unspeakable horrors: "Really, it is revolting to see how "in our recent tragedies, instead of the truly tragic, there has "arisen a butchering, a slaughtering, a lacerating of the feelings; "how the audience sits with chattering teeth on the benches of the "condemned, how it is morally broken on the wheel, from the "lowest to the highest. Have, then, our poets entirely forgotten "what an enormous influence the theatre exerts upon national "customs? Have they forgotten that they are to make these "customs milder and not wilder? Have they forgotten that the "drama has the same aim as poetry in general, which is to reconcile "not stir up the passions, to humanize, not brutalize? Have our "poets completely forgotten that poetry in itself has enough "expedients to arouse and to satisfy even the most obtuse audience, "without parricide or incest?"

In considering the biographical relations of the poets, I mentioned the great pleasure experienced by Heine from the "Trauerspiel in Tirol" and the beautiful tribute paid the author after the visit to the scene of the play. Heine did not praise the work blindly, however, but writes frankly (Nov. 17, 1829) after seeing a presentation of the play in Hamburg:

"Good morning, dear Immermann! I have nothing to say to "you except what the whole world knows, that last evening your "tragedy, well-played to a well-filled house, was received with "the most appreciative applause. For the first time in six months "I was at the theatre, in the company of dear ladies, whose lips "looked most charming as they pronounced Immermann's praise " * * * * Your 'Friedrich' I read with delight. I like it "infinitely better than 'Hofer' which, however highly I esteem it, "I yet care for least of all your works. Last evening, to be sure, "it pleased me better than on the occasion of my reading it; when

"I read it, it seemed to me as if it were written in a state of morbidly low spirits. Last evening the Tirolese songs were very effective during the distant shooting * * * * The last act, poetically the most beautiful, was theatrically the weakest. Up to the next to the last act, breathless expectation was sustained in the audience—palpitating suspense; but the last had no theatrical charm and a hackneyed ending. It therefore made less of an appeal than the earlier acts. I will read the work again now and tell you more about it next time."

In his next letter, probably written the following month, Heine tries to forestall any discouragement that Immermann may feel on hearing reports from Hamburg, by telling him not to believe the correspondents in the journals, who are all opposed to the piece; they attribute enough poetry to it, but for that very reason they declare it unfit for the stage. Heine asserts, on the contrary, that, except for the fifth act, it was received with great approval, and he names others who concur with him in this opinion. But in his preference for "Kaiser Friedrich II" he seems to have agreed with the popular sentiment, for this drama had much better success than the "Hofer," being given in Hamburg four times in nineteen days.

So far I have shown the reasons why the two poets were attracted to each other on the literary side. How much Heine's judgment was clouded by his admiration of Immermann's personality would be difficult to determine, but we may be sure that the personal qualities of the man influenced to a large extent Heine's estimate of his literary ability. From Heine's first letter it is clear that he was impressed by Immermann's robust nature, his broad-mindedness, his firm conviction of the difference between right and wrong, his stability of character, and it was in the confidence that Immermann desired to see the right prevail that he offered himself as *Waffenbruder*. The fact that Ludwig Robert showed the same breadth of mind delighted Heine, and he writes him (Nov. 27, 1823) that this freedom from narrow mindedness and prejudice pleases him more than all the other attributes of the soul. All of Immermann's works were additional evidence to Heine that he had not been mistaken in his estimate of the man, and none in a higher degree than the *Pustkuchen* pamphlets, which he read a second time and declared he could not admire enough. Varnhagen, that excellent critic, saw through Immermann's works the force of an unusual personality and after reading "*Cardenio and Celinde*" he writes to the poet these true and sympathetic

words: "I have * * * you yourself to praise more than your works; your works all together more than any one of them." It was the man that won Varnhagen's respect. To him Heine showed the Pustkuchen pamphlets, together with Immermann's letter, after which he writes his friend (Jan. 14, 1823): "In order "to give you pleasure and at the same time not to be obliged myself "to tell you my opinion of the two pamphlets, I am sending you "the letter that Varnhagen's wife wrote on the subject day before "yesterday. For an understanding of it, I will merely remark that "among the letters on the 'Wanderjahre' published in the 'Gesellschafter,' of which Goethe so beautifully expressed his appreciation, those signed 'Friedericke' proceeded from the pen of Frau "von Varnhagen and that in one (it is the first) occur several expressions in the same tone as your pamphlet * * * How "Varnhagen regards your critical work you will read in his announcement in the 'Gesellschafter.' He wishes me to tell you that "you should by no means fail to send a copy of it to Goethe and "to Tieck." His deepest regret is, that he cannot be a volunteer in the campaign against Pustkuchen, and in this mood he addresses his friend as "wackerer Immermann." It is this epithet (which I translate "stout-hearted") which seems particularly significant. From the first the moral courage of Immermann in standing alone against the usurpations of a powerful student organization and bearing the consequences of his act alone, was impressed upon Heine through the publications concerning the "Teutonia." "Your little book on duelling has shown me what is to be expected "of you in the great struggle against licensed absurdities. I "lack courage for such deeds, and I reconcile to myself and excuse "my faint-heartedness with the fine considerations that in my case "so much can be misinterpreted, etc." Then the Pustkuchen works strengthened his faith in Immermann's fearlessness and sense of right, which allowed him to shirk no duty, however disagreeable the consequences. He saw in his friend the future diplomat, and offers to help him after he is himself once in Paris and has seen what the conditions are; he rejoices in the prospect of helping to broaden the sphere of activity of a man from whose ability he expects so much. (Apr. 10, 1823.)

Moreover, the very form and contents of Immermann's pamphlets in support of Goethe delighted Heine, for he did love polemic above all things and Immermann's use of it was both effective and ingenious, as he wrote in the same form that Goethe himself used for scourging Leuchsenring: namely, the Hans Sachs carnival play, giving to the hero the same name also—Peter Brey.

The other pamphlet—"Brief an einen Freund" was of a different sort, being rather an esthetic treatise dealing with the genesis of a work of art, but at the same time giving expression to the author's deep regard for Goethe throughout. The little work shows that Immermann had devoted much thought to the subject and had come to the conclusions that the rules for artistic production were not to be formulated but that the creative talent was the only law-giving force in art. Poetry exists for its own sake: it has the right of existence in itself. And as the poet can create only in a tranquil state, so will his works be a joy and gratification only to the tranquil. The calm, serene man will find in poetry the gentle solution of the difficult riddle of life.

As Heine was pondering on the same subjects and attempting to formulate his own esthetic ideas, this treatise must have meant much more to him than merely a defence of a great genius. Behind it, too, he saw again the personality of a powerful, mature thinker, one who was superior to him in ripeness of thought and judgment, if inferior in his ability to give it expression. He saw the earnest seeker for truth and beauty, the advocate of the right, the man of ideas with the will to carry out his ideas. Altogether the forcefulness of Immermann's individuality was strikingly apparent to Heine, whose romantically impressionable nature perceived readily the practical, active type so distinctly its opposite.

"We agree admirably, have become sincerely fond of one another," writes Heine to Christiani, a month after his visit to Immermann. Had this friendship other foundations besides the common literary interests of the two poets and the mutual attraction of opposing personalities? No doubt the most absorbing topic during their visit was their literary pursuits, their artistic endeavors, and esthetic ideas; but for various reasons one other subject could scarcely have been avoided—that of "politics, since Heine was firmly bent on leaving Germany and going to Paris, and Immermann was contemplating the same step. The talk must have broadened out into a discussion of politics in general, of German and French conditions, of the recent wars and Napoleon and of more remote events in the political history of Germany. Immermann surely made acquaintance with Heine's revolutionary views and the ideals for which he stood, while Heine in turn, learned of Immermann's participation in the campaign and of his liberal sentiments. Doubtless, too, they rehearsed their university days and discussed the Burschenschaft movement

and the part they had played in the attempt to reconstruct Germany, and in the end—they agreed admirably. Heine discovered more in the man than he had expected and could continue to call him his *Waffenbruder*, for in his very first publication Immermann had shown himself a fighter, and a fighter he remained all his life. Whether he combatted old abuses in student life or false aims in literature, whether the preposterous deceptions of a *Pustkuchen* or the overweening self-assumption and arrogance of rank of a *Platen*—he fought for justice, which his father had taught him to believe in as the highest of the virtues. Heine's keen insight, already quickened by Immermann's early writings, which were all interesting documents of the author's personality, now recognized in him a free and independent being, who both in his conviction and in his actions held himself apart from the prevailing views exactly as he himself did in his struggle for the realization of his "Idea"—for Heine, too, was a born fighter, never once yielding the struggle from the first outbreak of the fighting mood in the "*Freskosonette*," where the sharp contrast between form and content expresses so well the disharmony of the poet's soul, to the end of his life. That both poets were ready to stand for their convictions is clear; the question is, in how far were they able to agree politically—in how far were they fighting for the same cause as confederates—*Waffenbrüder*?

If we look back to Heine's student days at Bonn, we shall find what may surprise us, knowing the later Heine as we do. The fall of 1819 saw him for the first time enrolled as a university student, after his complete failure to show any aptitude for the professions chosen for him by his mother. That winter he entered into his work with great enthusiasm and his professors testified to his attentiveness and his commendable attendance upon their lectures. The courses elected by him the next two semesters are the best evidence of the subjects most interesting to him then. In addition to the lectures on the *Nibelungenlied* and metrics, he heard Schlegel also on the history of the German Language and Literature; Hüllmann on the History of Antiquity, the History of Civilization, Germanic Civil Law of the Middle Ages, and French History; Arndt on the History of the German People and Kingdom, and on Tacitus's "*de Moribus Germanorum*"; and Radloff on the History of the Primitive Germans. To all these studies Heine applied himself with Romantic enthusiasm for everything German, which reigned here as at all the universities. He belonged to one of the *Burschenschaften* and was the confessed adherent of its views and aims. He probably sang Arndt's well-

known song to the effect that all Germany is the German's fatherland with as much feeling as any other student and wore the black-red-and-gold with just as much pride. On the anniversary of Leipzig he took part in a celebration held by the students in the vicinity of Bonn and drank a health to Blücher and German freedom, and even after the strict reactionary measures of the Prussian King were enforced and a system of espionage established, his Burschenschaft continued to meet secretly and make most revolutionary plans. But Heine's connection with this organization ceases to surprise us, when we consider the nature of its aims, which were so Romantically vague and hazy that they were adapted to all temperaments. Conservatives and Liberals read into the program their own particular ideals and associated on equal terms; for the great wave of patriotism that swept over Germany during the time of the Napoleonic wars, caught up and bore along with irresistible force all sorts and conditions of men, who hoped to bring about through the Burschenschaften the realization of their dreams of freedom and unity. Thus for a while Heine was in full sympathy with his fellows in the great cause of German nationality. Inspired by the same sentiments that filled the minds of the enthusiastic student of those days, he wrote a number of poems in the prevailing style and it was the most natural thing in the world that he should have imbibed the patriotism of the time, for the air was full of it. Rousseau's poem on "Das Lied der Nibelungen" is evidence of the enthusiasm that was inspired in the hearts of the youth by the discovery of the literary treasures of the German poet. Apropos of this, Heine writes to Steinmann (Feb. 4, 1821): "How did you like the Poet's poem on the Nibelungen? I received a copy of it a few days ago and cannot get enough of it. I have read it aloud at least twenty times and explained its beauties with a mighty critical mien." Nevertheless, this Teutomism was a current that became uppermost in Heine's nature for only a short time. In the midst of his enthusiasm over Blücher and the heroes of the War of Liberation, he could write his Song of Songs,—*"Die Grenadiere"*; the Napoleon cult was the strong, deep current always, and the former soon disappeared below the surface again.

The change came during the next year, while he was pursuing his studies at Göttingen, which he entered in the fall of 1820, and it was chiefly due to two causes. First, after his suspension from the university through violation of the laws of duelling, it was also made clear to him that his membership was no longer desired in the Burschenschaft, because of rumors concerning his

laxity of morals. From this time he lost sympathy with its aims, and declares in the "Wintermächen" that the Old-German fools in the Burschenschaft spoiled his pleasure in the black-red-and-gold once so dear to his heart. Secondly, he had already come to see the narrowness of its patriotism and to feel an aversion to the Burschen because of their strong hostility to the Jews and the French. Their views began to seem more vague and fanatical to him; the anti-Semitic tendency repelled him more and more, and from 1822 on we constantly run across passages in his letters that show his growing aversion to Teutonism and its heroes. He lost all patience with the narrowness and intolerance of so limited a nationalism, and so in April 1822 we find him writing that strange letter to Sethe announcing the end of their friendship, since Sethe is a German. "The German language grates upon my ears. My own poems sometimes disgust me, when I see that they are written in German. Even the writing of this note bothers me, because the German characters have a painful effect upon my nerves. (He continues in French!) I should never have believed that those animals called Germans could be a race at the same time so dull and so malicious. As soon as my health is restored, I shall leave Germany and go to Arabia and there I shall lead a pastoral life, I shall be a man in the full meaning of the word, * * *" etc.

By the time Heine reached Berlin, his enthusiasm for the Burschenschaften had almost entirely disappeared and in his "Briefe aus Berlin" he scores the sect-spirit of the Teutons whose love of freedom was based on hatred of the French and on national egoism. From this time forth the never-ending ridicule and mockery directed against the whole party of so-called patriots won Heine his reputation for anti-national sentiments. Jahn, the father of the gymnastic movement, a Teuton and hater of the French is a cowardly, foolish fellow; the harmless Massmann becomes the type of Old-German demagog, just as dangerous as grotesque. The latter Heine conceived a perfect mania for persecuting all his life; from the "Reise von München nach Genua" through "Atta Troll" the "Wintermärchen" and the "Romanzero" he pursues him with his bitterest ridicule. Of course we realize that in his desire to make the "Teutomaniacs" appear absurd he went too far and laughed at real patriotism and the whole epoch of the War of Liberation, causing truly patriotic feelings to seem the pose of intriguers and fools.

But Heine was not hostile to Teutonism in the best sense of the word. In Göttingen, he showed decided interest for his

country's past by studying German history and literature, and was aroused to indignation by the fact that so few were taking the course of lectures under the Germanic scholar Beneke. "Think of it," he writes Steinmann (Oct. 29, 1820) "Hofrat Beneke is 'the only one here who lectures on German Literature and has (horribile dictu!!) only 9 (nine) hearers. Among them is my 'humble self. If Hundeshagen is going to lecture on the Nibelungen next summer, that might probably draw me back to Bonn.'" In similar words he makes known his sentiments to Beugheim (Nov. 9, 1820) "I am hearing Beneke's course of lectures on Old-German Language with great pleasure. Think of it, Fritz! 'only 9 (nine) student are taking this course. Out of thirteen 'hundred students, among whom are surely a thousand Germans, 'there are only nine who have any interest for the language, for 'the inner life, for the intellectual relics of their fathers. O Germany! Land of oaks and stupidity!"

Then in the fall of 1822 Heine wrote those fine words at the close of his essay "Ueber Polen," in which he glorifies the Middle Ages of Germany and encourages efforts to revive true enthusiasm for that period. "May the time soon come, when justice shall 'be done to the Middle Ages, when no silly apostle of shallow 'rationalism will make an inventory of the dark places of the 'great painting in order to compliment thereby his dear enlightened 'age; when the learned school-boy will not draw parallels between 'the Cologne Cathedral and the Pantheon, between the Nibelungenlied and the Odyssey, when the splendors of the Middle Ages shall be recognized by their organic connection and 'compared only with themselves, when the Nibelungenlied shall be 'called a versified cathedral and the Cologne Cathedral a stone 'Nibelungenlied."

To the Burschen, however, Heine was at that time no longer attracted and when the "Arminia" was dissolved because of opposition to the government in its struggle against liberal tendencies, his connection with the organizations was severed for good. No longer able, as formerly, to unite his patriotic Romantic ideals with his more progressive views, he set himself the task of combating without mercy the destructive forces of the past, getting further and further away from the national as he approached the democratic.

It was just here in his intolerance of all narrowness, in his hatred of a limited nationalism that Heine met Immermann, for the latter was also mature enough to see the weaknesses of the whole Burschenschaft movement. Even the gymnastic associa-

tions were spoiled for Immermann by the political savour that they received from their well-meaning but narrow-minded leader. In his youth, Immermann, too, had burned with enthusiasm for his fatherland, and to this inspired love he gave poetic expression. In 1812, at the age of sixteen, he composed a poem called "Das Vaterland" and the War of Liberation brought forth a lyrical outburst of a similar national content. Yet in spite of this ardent love for his country, he went his way independent of the Burschenschaften. The reason for his attitude is not difficult to formulate. All the natural surroundings of his childhood and youth had tended to awaken his public spirit early, broaden his views, and incline him to monarchical sentiments and faith in the Prussian government. As he obeyed his father implicitly and in his harsh commands saw only love and authority rightly exercised, so he learned to respect and reverence the authority of the State—to trust the wisdom of its great rulers before all else. Immermann's own testimony to the value of strict home discipline is beautifully expressed in the "Memorabilien"—the last paragraph of the section entitled "Die Familie": severe training, provided it proceeds from a blamelessly pure, loving personality, capable of self-sacrifice is a blessing and an endowment for all time to him who obeys.

In the "Avisbrief" of the "Memorabilien" he also tells of his inquiring disposition as a child, his attentive mind and powers of observation, which helped to develop him in advance of his associates, so that when he finally came into contact with the Burschenschaften, their aims, in comparison with those of the great state, seemed most vague and impracticable, even fanatical. He was mature enough to perceive the dangers that are always apt to attach themselves to such organizations, because of the presence of extremists with their inflammatory speeches; he had too much practical sense to be carried away by the wild schemes and abstract ideals of the fiery young patriots, who, from lack of experience and tradition, were not the people to reconstruct a state. Brought up to consider the Prussian state and Prussianism as the most mighty and sublime conception, he was repelled by whatever was contrary to its law and traditions, so that on the whole, he had little in common with his fellows. All their "Teutomania" seemed hollow and silly to him, and gradually he withdrew more and more into himself and kept aloof from more active participation in the affairs of his country. Strong historical sentiments he had, as he confesses in the "Reisejournal" but no real political vein; one single trait of nature observed in a cottage

interests him more than a diet, the account of which fills a whole newspaper. He writes also to Beer that as a German and artist he cannot take sides with any political party, that only the human, natural, pragmatic which he observes in the masses and in individuals here and there interests him historically.

This was the real Immermann. Politics left him cold and he was as far removed from young German radicalism and Revolutionary views as they took shape in Heine's emotional, intense and impulsive nature, as was Heine from Prussian conservatism.

To be sure, Heine feared the results of the overthrow of the existing social order. He was afraid of the power of the people and knew that in case of a revolution his own head would not be the last to fall. (Strodtmann I p. 665.) Moreover, he knew that temperamentally he was an aristocrat, and the thought of universal equality was almost repulsive to him. By virtue of his genius he belonged to the élite; aristocracy of birth and so-called noble institutions meant nothing to him; the aristocracy of genius everything. His tastes were fastidious; his artistic nature controlled him always; and while deeply impressed by the pauperism that he saw about him, especially in London, and sympathetic with the oppressed lower classes, he never took the initiative in any schemes to alleviate their sufferings nor did he ever sacrifice his beloved art to the service of social or political questions. He shrank from contact with the masses, and yet he believed in the rights of the individual and preached this doctrine with all the fervor that his enthusiastic nature could put into his "Idea." Thus his aristocratic temperament and his democratic principles were in constant conflict, but in spite of his realization of the attending dangers, and notwithstanding his esthetic prejudices, there is not the least doubt that Heine passionately desired the rise of a free state and the establishment of equal rights for all.

And so, on the other hand, Immermann, while able to see the advantages of the more liberal tendency in the southern provinces, nevertheless sympathized with his Prussia and never dreamed of any changes that would involve danger to the State. He found intolerable the strict reactionary measures—the suppression of free thought and speech, the censorship of the press, and the discouragement of all original endeavor in the last years of Frederick Wilhelm's reign. In spite of the attachment he felt, in common with his people, for the person of the king, who had been through the same hardships as they, he was filled with indignation at the narrowness of his restraining policy, the cruelty of the deceptions practiced upon his people, and the whole burden of misery of the

spiritual stagnation. Disapproving of Prussia's attitude toward South German constitutional sentiments, he turned the whole force of his satire against the bureaucracy with its opposition to all free development of state and municipal life; but even more was he offended by the hostility of the southern states, since he realized that such an organization as they were blindly struggling for, Prussia had already effected.

Conservative then we must acknowledge Immermann to be, but—he felt himself a free man—both in thought and in action, free from all servility—unconstrained in his judgment of his superiors, and full of sympathy for those beneath him, wherever he saw them oppressed. His dissatisfaction with existing conditions would naturally call forth the sympathy of Heine, who would then interpret Immermann's independence of spirit and broad-mindedness as a liberalism akin to his own, without recalling how deeply rooted in his friend's nature his monarchical principles were. Already deeply impressed by Immermann's strong sense of right and justice, he saw in him in 1824 a man of tremendous energy and will, ready to fight for an idea, as he himself was doing. This is why he believed Immermann suited to the post of foreign diplomat; he did not take into consideration how ill the devious ways of international politics would accord with his simple, straightforward nature. But in his unbounded enthusiasm for his "Idea"—the emancipation of humanity, socially and politically—Heine could easily misinterpret Immermann's liberal tendencies and read into them his own ideas and aims, which would seem to him the logical outcome of a character like Immermann's.

The very vagueness and general nature of his Revolutionary views would make Heine the more liable to misjudge Immermann's position. First, he might readily see in Immermann's paternal defence of his university brothers the confirmation of his own Revolutionary idea of fraternité. As a cosmopolite by birth and temperament, Heine came naturally by this idea. To be a papist in the narrow sense of the word, would have been to him an utter impossibility. As a Jew, he loved his race and felt at times an infinite sympathy with them; as a politician, he belonged to the French; as a poet, he revelled in German sentiment; and because of this cosmopolitanism, he could love or curse any one or all of the nations according to his momentary mood.

In his letter from Berlin, March 16, 1822, he writes:

"O German youth, how sinful and foolish do I find you and
"your words in such moments when my soul embraces in love

"the whole world, when I would embrace jubilantly Russians and Turks, and when I should like to sink weeping on the fraternal bosom of the shackled African! I love Germany and the Germans, but I love no less the inhabitants of the rest of the earth, whose number is forty times greater than that of the Germans. Love gives man his worth. Thank God! I am therefore worth forty times more than those who cannot struggle out of the quagmire of national egotism and who love only "Germany and the Germans."

Accused by Christiani of trying to divest himself of his German character, he writes (March 7, 1824): "—you are mistaken, I know that I am one of the most German beasts; I know only too well that German is to me what water is to the fish, that I can not get out of this vital element and—to retain the simile of the fish—must shrink up into a dried cod(block head)if—to keep the aqueous simile—I leap out of the water of Teutonism. At bottom I love what is German, more even than everything else in the world. I take joy and delight in it and my breast is an archive of German feeling, as my two books are an archive of German song."

Notwithstanding such extravagant expressions of passionate love for Germany, it is plain that Heine had little national instinct, but as a good Romanticist, he was sincere in his attachment to Germany and her traditions. The collection of poems with the heading "In der Fremde" among the "Neue Gedichte," written after his voluntary exile, are pathetically touching in their note of longing and of tender reminiscence of the German home, especially the one beginning "Ich hatte einst ein schönes Vaterland" perhaps because of its beautiful, musical settings. But his vague ideas of fraternity led him to attach himself as one of the most zealous members to the Berlin Kulturverein, and for a considerable time he taught his Jewish brothers history, German language and literature and French with the greatest enthusiasm, however unmercifully he treated his race at such times as their ignorance and sordid condition and meanness were borne upon him.

Secondly, he believed also in egalité theoretically, and in his humorous way he praises the French for their method of equalizing their people by gently removing the heads of the greatest. More seriously, however, he takes up the defence of the people's rights against the privileges of the nobility in an article written in 1831 as introduction to "Kahldorf über den Adel, in Briefen an den Grafen M. von Moltke." But Heine in his tastes and temperament was an out and out aristocrat and everything common disgusted him. Hence it was that he and Börne became so uncongenial in

Paris. All Börne's associations were repulsive to Heine's more fastidious nature. In theory he believed that all men are equal; there should be no privileged classes by birth; individuals should all have the same right in the state. But—and this is a most important fact in Heine's complex character—there was an aristocracy that he admired—nay, worshiped: the aristocracy of genius. For this he idolized Napoleon. "My admiration has 'respect not to deeds, but only to the genius of the man, whether 'this man bears the name of Alexander, Caesar, or Napoleon * * * 'I never extol the deed, but only the human spirit; the deed is only 'its garb, and history is nothing but the old wardrobe of the 'human spirit.'" (*Reise von München nach Genua*. Chap. 29.) For Heine there was nothing beyond the dynamic element in the activity of a genius—the creative power, the spiritual force, which was able to impel to action, to produce deeds; it was the dynamic that attracted Goethe also to Napoleon.

"Spirit longs for spirit: wherever Heine feels a spiritual 'force, where a creative genius discharges itself in deeds, there he 'lowers the weapons of criticism and accords unlimited admiration. " 'That is the very force of force, that it makes us give way directly 'to admiration, without first reasoning over its application. So it 'happens that in our day Napoleon is praised by a democrat.' "His Napoleon cult, which Heine alludes to in this passage, is 'sufficiently explained by the reverential wonder with which 'every exhibition of a dynamic force fills him, be it a sublime 'spectacle of Nature or the display of force in a spiritual Titan.'" (Boucke. *Euphorion*, 1909, p. 451.)

It is of great significance that Heine saw Napoleon as a fourteen-year old boy in Düsseldorf. The incomparable descriptions that he gives us of the General in "*Buch le Grand*" makes as indelible an impression upon our memory as the actual appearance did upon Heine's. In Heine's home, too, Napoleon was looked upon as the long-expected Messiah and so he seemed to all the Düsseldorf Jews—their liberator, who through his decrees of 1808, 1809 and 1812, freed them from slavery. In Berlin also, the most anti-Napoleonic city of all Germany, Heine in all probability was influenced in his estimate of the man by the broad-mindedness of Rahel and Varnhagen; for though the latter had fought against Napoleon, he and Rahel were both too great to stoop to abuse of such a genius. Their love of humanity made them lenient in their judgment of all men and their own greatness enabled them to appreciate the truly great in another, regardless of nationality.

Heine's ideal then was social and political equality of individuals, but his stronger sympathies were for the intellectually superior, and personally he rebelled at the thought of contact with the rude and commonplace. And how could he feel differently, when he was filled with bitterness over his own miserable, unequal lot as a Jew, and at the same time was conscious of the immeasurable superiority of his genius?

When he visited Immermann he was experiencing the full force of his hopeless condition in his native country. The career for which he was preparing himself offered no opening for a Jew. As early as 1822 a law had been passed denying to his race the right to hold academic positions, so that his aspirations "to teach antiquity in the light of truth" were shattered. In Hamburg he could not live because of its memories of his love-sorrows; he hated Prussia, little dreaming of her destiny, but seeing only her weakness and mistakes. He was not far-sighted enough to appreciate the value of her introduction of universal conscription, her economical management of finances, the growth of an excellent civil service, her efforts for the upbuilding of educational institutions. A mutual distrust existed between Prussian and Rheinlander, and the suspicion increased as the power of Prussia advanced, for the Rhenish provinces had been so long in close proximity to the French that they could not accustom themselves to the presence of Prussia. They had almost lost all national feeling and were languid Germans, like the Alsatians today. Heine, like the other Rheinlanders, knew what it was to live now under French rule, now under Prussian, and the Jews of Düsseldorf had Napoleon to thank for the greatest blessing they had ever enjoyed. No wonder they looked upon him as a god! In return for the citizenship that they enjoyed under him, they bore uncomplainingly the unspeakable burden of taxes and conscription, and as time went on and Prussia's authority rested more and more heavily on the border provinces, the Jews looked back with longing to the freedom of the French régime. Heine's admiration of the French likewise grew with his hatred of the Prussians, and he turned his gaze toward the land of promise. "Paris is a new Jerusalem and the Rhein is the Jordan, which separates the consecrated land of freedom from the land of the Philistines. (Englische Fragmente Chap. XIII.)

The July Revolution was what finally caused Heine to take the decisive step and in 1831 he left Germany forever to begin life in his chosen country. This was the land where ideas were realized, where thoughts became deeds, and Paris was the centre from which

he could act as representative not of French, but of world interests. Hear the glowing terms in which he tells of the receipt of the glad news from Paris. (Börne Book II.) The tidings coming on the sixth of August fired him to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

"They were sunbeams wrapped up in newspapers and they inflamed my soul to the fiercest blaze. It seemed to me that I could enkindle the whole ocean to the North Pole with the glow of enthusiasm and the mad joy that burned in me * * * I ran round in the house like a crazy person and kissed first the fat landlady and then her friendly Seewolf, and embraced also the Prussian solicitor, from whose lips, to be sure, the frosty smile of incredulity did not entirely disappear. Even the Dutchman I pressed to my bosom."

Then on the 10th of August: "Gone is my longing for rest. Now I know again what I am to do, what I must do * * * I am the son of the Revolution and again I lay hold of the charmed weapons, over which my mother pronounced her incantations * * * Flowers! Flowers! I will crown my head for the death struggle! and the lyre too, hand me the lyre, that I may sing a battle-song * * * Words like flaming stars, which shoot down from above and consume palaces and illumine huts * * * Words like shining spears which go whizzing even up to the seventh heaven and hit the pious hypocrites, who have stolen into the holy of holies there * * * I am all joy and song, all sword and fire!"

A comparison with Immermann's words concerning the Revolution will give a good idea of the radical difference in their views. The poet, instead of taking any part in political life, had retired more and more from public view and was seeking to forget himself in hard work. As a German and Prussian he could hardly be expected to act: France was the land of deeds, Germany of ideals. Not that he neglected his vocation! The commonplace official life he led conscientiously as long as he lived and it served as a counterpoise to the more imaginative, so that he found little time for the dreams that haunted natures less practical. The July Revolution, however, aroused him from his apathy and to Beer, who lived through the event in France, he writes (Aug. 15, 1830):

"Never has a fact had such a powerful and thrilling effect upon me as this. It moved me like a miracle and during these weeks I have not been able to get to work for excitement. That after all the storm and blood of forty years ago the Revolution is repeated, only more imposing even than the first time, is

“without precedent in history and shows the incalculable strength of the century and the nation. The French are right when they call this catastrophe unique, for it has not proceeded, as usually happens, from a physical necessity, properly speaking, but rather from a spiritual need and from the impulse to assert one's rights. In this enthusiasm for something abstract, the event has for me a similarity with the religious movement of the Middle Ages and perhaps the agent of our times is politics, as then it was religion.”

But in the belief that Germany would inevitably be involved, he says: “God grant that my foreboding is wrong! For there is indeed nothing for us to expect from war but disgrace and ignominy, increased liabilities and loss of provinces.” Also in one of his letters to Heine (first published by Elster in the *Rundschau* Vol. 107) he again betrays his great agitation over the reports from France, he fears a struggle that will involve the whole world and is convinced that matters cannot be adjusted peaceably and that in the war to come, “Germany will again become the wretched tavern in which the riotous guests of freedom cudgel each other.”

However, with the failure of the Revolution, the poet retired again into his own world, disappointed and chagrined, and resumed his old aristocratic and sceptical standpoint. To Beer he writes: “Finally I submitted to the decrees of fate and swore to myself a sacred oath never again in my life to believe that anything great can originate from the masses and to remain true to my old symbol, that the spiritually great can never proceed from any but individual, eminent men. In my resignation I found a feeling of youthful vigor and energy again such as I had not experienced before for a long time. I was almost always in a harmonious and productive mood.”

Thus we see that, after all, Immermann's feet were firmly planted on German soil, that he believed rather in evolution than revolution. The horizon that bounded his vision was that of law and order and beyond it lay the gravest dangers.

Nor did his liberal tendencies extend even to the admiration of Napoleon. His father, though he said little against Napoleon, hated him; the Magdeburg citizens, in contrast to those of Düsseldorf, had every reason to fear him, as the city had been forced to capitulate to Ney and pay an extortionate amount for bearable treatment from his soldiers. Although the figure of Napoleon inspired Immermann in his youth to a cycle of poems, “*Das Grab auf St. Helena*,” he did not write for the purpose of glorifying the Corsican. As he shows in some verses, written at the same

time, it is often the charm of reflective observation that leads to poetic creation, and here he chose to reflect upon the condition of Europe. He looked upon Napoleon as the tool of heaven and tried to unravel the mystery of the despotism under which the land was suffering. There was pity for the dead, not the living Napoleon. Geffcken (p. 25 of the "Gedächtnisschrift") shows that there was no contradiction to the cold, reasoning analysis to which Immermann later subjected the personality of Napoleon, in the first volume of his "Memorabilien." He saw in Napoleon the gigantic tyrant, whose shadow was despotism, and while he recognized the incomparable value historically of a pure, simple despotism, he felt Napoleon's to be a discordant, defective type resulting from the colossal egoism of the man, and had only censure for it.

Not only in the world of politics, but also in the social world was Immermann distinctly conservative. The "Epigonen" and "Münchhausen" show him a friend and champion of the peasant and citizen classes, of all who are oppressed and struggling to rise. But there is no evidence of revolutionary enthusiasm. Only in a gradual evolutionary progress does he see hope for the the lower classes. Being not a fantastic dreamer, but a substantial, live, active man, he sees the approach of industrialism and its union with feudalism as inevitable, in order to bring new life into the old decayed class, and to counteract the one-sidedness of the new. In "Tulifäntchen" he deliciously satirizes the industrial movement; in his later works his broad sympathies have led him to strike out on new paths toward a healthy realism, and he no longer takes a pessimistic view of the present."

Thirdly. Heine's ideas of liberté, for which he showed himself a tireless fighter, were rather negative than positive. He fought for no particular form of liberty, but for removal of oppression, for protection and leisure. In this vague conception, as in his conception of equality, the artistic element in his nature gained over the liberal and cosmopolitan and it was as an artist that he felt the oppression and struggled for freedom to realize himself. Aware of the fact that great art epochs have been under the patronage of great rulers, he was dissatisfied at finding no encouragement under Friedrich Wilhelm III. As a whole, the young Germans had no more definite ideas than Heine. That freedom implied civic duties did not occur to them, their influence consisted in the enthusiasm that they inspired, rather than in the value of the ideas formulated. The whole period was rich enough in ideas and impulses, but poor in the real values of life and in action.

It was a time of feverish seeking and longing, of disappointment and resignation, of problematical characters, and Heine was one of the most characteristic figures in this literary, social, and political transition-period—the type of thousands of young men in Germany at that time, who, restless and discontented and without occupation, left their country for more promising conditions.

Moreover, Heine's idea of emancipation embraced the whole world and meant to him freedom from the domination of priesthood and aristocracy—freedom in both political and religious life. In the "Reise von München nach Genua," Chap. 29, he says: "Every period has its problem and through the solution of it humanity advances * * * But what is this great problem of the time? It is emancipation. Not merely that of the Irish, Greeks, Frankfort Jews, West-Indian Blacks, and the like oppressed people, but it is the emancipation of the whole world, particularly of Europe, which has become of age and is now tearing itself free from the iron leading-strings of the privileged, the aristocracy * * * Every age believes that its struggle is the most important of all, this is, properly speaking, the religion of the age; in this it lives and dies and we also will live and die in this religion of freedom, which perhaps deserves more the name religion than the hollow, dead spectre that we are still accustomed to call by that name."

This very vagueness of all Heine's Revolutionary views I believe is to blame for his misinterpretation of Immermann's liberalism, and so again it is not the question of what Immermann was, so much what Heine saw in him. Immermann's dissatisfaction and longing—his Weltschmerz—his pessimistic view of the political and social condition of Germany, his intention to enter the more sympathetic field of foreign diplomacy, his independence in thought and act; his fearlessness in combatting evils—all this and many other qualities of Immermann's nature interpreted through the medium of Heine's subjectivity could easily suggest to him far more radical tendencies than existed in reality, so that it is not surprising that he imagined an admirable harmony of thought.

There is another interesting side to Immermann's character: however conservative he was in the social and political world, in the world of literature he was a friend of innovation. Beginning with "Edwin" he showed himself really revolutionary by introducing contemporary satire, and in the Platen epigrams and all his later works he continued to hold the mirror of satire and poetic

humor to all the follies and shortcomings of the age with startling audacity. While Goethe's and Schiller's "Xenien" and Tieck's "Märchen" had to do only with literature and poetry, Immermann's satire was directed against social and political conditions besides. And surely the introduction of the Westphalian peasant into literature and the glorification of his race was a decided novelty, and the "Trauerspiel in Tirol" in no less degree, especially as it was illumined by the light of contrast with the prevailing state of society and politics in the rest of Germany, since it took its material from the recent past of a German people and exalted a war of independence bearing the outer character of unlawful self-help. In its revision as "Andreas Hofer" it was barred from performance on any German stage, for the reason that part of its sentimental character was banished and it was put on a strictly historical basis, Metternich's system being unmistakably branded by serving as the cause of Hofer's ruin.

If friendship is based on congeniality in the essentials of life, then surely we must consider the religious natures of the two poets, whether their views here could have contributed to the union of their interests and their soul life.

There is no discussion of this subject in Heine's letters to Immermann, but we can hardly imagine the poets spending four days together without each coming to some understanding of the other's philosophy of life. How could Heine have talked on political matters without reference to his hopeless position as a Jew, which was so powerful a factor in determining his whole future career? Was not the Judenschmerz the most terrible of all national sorrows and was not Heine's Judaism of necessity bound up with his social, political and literary life so indissolubly as to make a separate treatment of his religious views a practical impossibility? He felt all the tragic in the history of the Jews: "Yet," he says, "if one were to write about this tragedy, one would be laughed at. This is the most tragic of all." The conviction that, as a Jew, he could not find employment in Germany was growing upon him and his despair was at almost no time deeper than in the first years of his acquaintance with Immermann. His letters from this period to Wohlwill, Moser, and others testify to his indignation and bitterness against Christianity—a mood that was only intensified after his apostasy, when he found that he was no better off than before the change. It is unthinkable, then, that Heine should not have revealed what was uppermost in his

mind at this time; he had already betrayed himself in his "Almanzor" and had even expressed to Immermann the hope that he might soon be known perfectly by his friend. (Dec. 24, 1822.) So there seems every reason to believe that absolute frankness existed between them and that there was a hearty endeavor to understand and appreciate each other's view. Immermann says in one of his letters to Marianne—the one in which he makes the confessions of his faults and weaknesses, defending himself against false accusations and describing his character with the incomparable charm of naiveté and modesty: "I am thoroughly unassuming, I always respect another's opinions, another's merits and talent." In his letters to Michael Beer, he constantly praises truth and frankness as most necessary to friendship and in his correspondence with his beloved he speaks of truth as the eternal watchword between them, a firm rock.

This absolute truthfulness was one of the most marked characteristics of Immermann's being. He could tolerate nothing less in a friend, and since truth, sincerity, frankness beget like qualities in one's friends, as Goethe liked to believe, we can feel sure that the two poets exchanged views with mutual openness, as they had done in their preceding correspondence. One difference in their religious views will strike the student at once. While Heine's can be characterized not as permanent, but at most only as a prolonged, intensified mood, Immermann's can be regarded as his well-grounded and lasting conviction. Not that Immermann could not change an opinion that he once held as settled! On the contrary, as he confessed to Marianne, he was often accused of being changeable, but to quote his own words: "In among all my mistakes and weaknesses there is intertwined in my soul a deep feeling for truth in all things. I cannot be content with superficial ideas: I see continually the most profound and ultimate. From this proceeds the restless pondering and brooding of my mind, also the ability of my nature to relinquish that which I am convinced my mind chose in error. To follow out something erroneous in order—as people are accustomed to say—to remain consistent, to perpetuate a mistake—that is for me impossible. The great law of motion and change is deeply imprinted in my soul. God sends the seasons, one after the other, He causes men to be born, to grow, and to die, kingdoms to rise and fall, and so I believe man should not desire to petrify the moment. But in every instant he should achieve and conquer anew the established."

Still, the religious convictions formed early in life and betrayed in his first writings and his first public acts were not essentially different from those revealed in his confessions to Marianne in 1837. The same deeply serious nature is perceived through his early letters to his brother Ferdinand, whom he encourages to free himself from doubts and get nearer to God through a careful study of the Bible. Immermann feels always his oneness with God who is everywhere and in everything and this certainty of his existence and the consciousness of the indestructible union of the individual with him is the conclusion reached in "Merlin." "Wherever I am, whatever I do, I feel myself on the breast of the everlasting Father: I have an unshaken confidence in Him, my God, who, to be sure, has not granted me all my wishes, but, nevertheless, has led me to that point where I have had to acknowledge His rule, even in the most adverse matters, as holy and just." This same justice that he felt was administered him Immermann practiced toward others in actual life, and this insistence on justice we have already pointed out as prominent in much that he wrote. As early as in "Ronceval" we find that profoundly serious tone and the moral lesson that great misfortune and tragic consequences often follow a very little wrong.

But Immermann's religious nature was of the non-ecclesiastical type. To understand the true significance of this fact, one must project one's self into the spirit of German religious life of nearly a century ago and try to realize the burden of 18th century dogma under which the people were still held down, the formalism of both the Catholic and the Protestant confessions, together with the confining influence of the Pietistic culture. Although conditions were less rigid in North Germany, even there Immermann's views stood out by comparison as those of a decided liberalist. He seldom went to church, because he seldom felt the need, though he benefited by the communion service whenever he attended, and while in certain moods he could be moved to tears by the story of the Passion, he stood in no relation to the gospels in themselves or to Christ as he appears there. Christianity was to him an external fact of the deepest truth and necessity, but the real Christian state of mind he experienced only when he buried himself in the whole history of the church. The forcible separation of gospel sayings from the context and their conversion into formulas for passing sentence on individual cases seemed to Immermann abominable—a total misconstruction of Christ, who came to free the world from the letter of the law and to teach the one only lesson of perfect love to one's neighbor.

"I think of God," he says (letter to Marianne Feb. 22, "1839) as engaged in an eternal alliance of love with the world.
" * * * Sin is there, certainly, but it is only the negative element—that which is not yet permeated with God—nothing positive. In the end God will be everywhere and consequently hell will cease to be. So reads my confession of faith, which, "it must indeed be admitted, may not stand in the formulas of "the system."

Immermann confessed to a belief in eternal life, because it seemed unreasonable to him that the highest and best in us—the spiritual person—the individual—the ego—should be lost after a life-effort to make of ourselves what God destined for us; but his conviction rested wholly on faith and feeling and he never attempted to imagine the future life in definite pictures, on account of the inevitable contradictions.

"One should hope, always hope, but not make all too definite an image of the things to be hoped for * * * By hope I understand something very high and divine in man, the ever positive element in him, the conviction that everything which once truly lived and moved in him will also sometime and somewhere bear visible fruit. And not perchance in the next world alone, to which, on the whole, I should not care to see mankind referred too generously, but even in this world—to be sure, many a fruit acquires a different form under God's care than man thought of in the moment of germination * * * Heaven is already on earth; we can recognize the Divine Being in all forms of earth and even here below lead an eternal life; nay, he alone will see blessedness who has even felt eternity in the temporal and stamped it plainly in every aspect of his life. This sounds, to be sure, somewhat at variance with the conception expressed in such utterances as 'the earth is only a place of preparation' we are 'pilgrims on earth,' etc., but yet it seems to me that it was in all probability the real meaning of what Christ said and desired "on earth."

Immermann knew that what he lacked was the personal relation to the Savior and this he felt could be obtained only by a strictly ecclesiastical life; but with the so-called pious he had no sympathy, because of their narrow-mindedness and their inability to see beyond their own limited circle and view a man's whole life, his aims and endeavors. Much as he desired the closer relation, however, he could not honestly join with the church and keep up his connection with the Countess Elise, which, of course, the church would not countenance. But as long as he remained

natural and free from every hypocritical affectation, he knew himself a Christian man in his own way, and practiced the Christian virtues of patience, submission, and reconciliation in full confidence that God was leading him. His whole life, indeed, from his first love disappointment through the long years of patient renunciation of the happy family life for which he longed, seemed to preach resignation.

One more passage from a letter to Marianne I cannot refrain from quoting here, as it shows a remarkable religious liberalism for those days. It is in answer to a condemnation of Goethe which Marianne had heard uttered. Immermann writes: "It is 'a hideous and preposterous accusation to deny religion to any body; no one is without it, even the atheist confesses God 'through his denial.'" Later Immermann makes this same assertion again in a letter to a relative (published by von Putlitz), adding: "for his denial even is a struggle against the Divine force seeking to penetrate him." As for Goethe, he was not only religious, but in his way, even Christian. His continuous, incessant, faithful search for truth, his charitable conception of all human relations, his recognition of the dignity of man, even the most perverted, is thoroughly Christian. In the "Memorabilien," p. 372, he says again: "He (Goethe) had the religion to be a 'great man and to compel foreigners to admiration, while we 'crouched in the dust before them. I tell you, these two 'heathen (Goethe and Schiller) have been of more service to 'us than you good Christians ever were or are now or will be.'"

The few confessions in Immermann's own words betray a breadth of view, a clear understanding of the values of life, a broad sympathy, which would admit of friendship with Jew or Gentile and not know distinction of race or creed. With perfect freedom from prejudice, the Protestant Immermann, while director of the Düsseldorf stage, had the plays of the Catholic Calderon given along with those of Schiller and Goethe; no narrow-mindedness shut out from his vision the great and worthy, wherever it existed.

This liberalism in religion would make a strong appeal to Heine who was hurling his invectives against Jew and Christian alike. His Jewish descent and home-training and his instruction by Catholic priests were responsible for an early scepticism; for Heine was a keen, observant lad, who soon noticed the inconsistencies and drew his own conclusions. Besides this, his mother was a Rationalist, steeped in eighteenth century thought, fond of Rousseau and Voltaire, and this influence, together with that of

the French with whom he associated in his boyhood, tended to increase his doubts and foster agnosticism. His reason caused him to lose sympathy with the Jewish ritual, and yet, as he experienced during his work for the Verein in Berlin, Judaism stripped of its rites was nothing but the barest, unadorned Rationalism. Against the barrenness of a Hebraism that knew no ritual and no national language, his artistic nature revolted; his Romantic imagination inclined him rather to the warmth of Catholicism, his reason, however, to Protestantism, yet no one was more bitter against popes and priests, both Catholic and Protestant, than Heinrich Heine.

While sacrificing time and energy to teaching in the Verein, attracted to the work partly by his affection for the great men at the head, he yet took occasion to dispel the illusion of the Hamburg Jews that he was enthusiastic for the Jewish religion. It was rather his interest in improving the condition of the Jews and making them fit for civic rights (letter to Moser, Aug. 23, 1823). Three months later (Nov. 28, 1823) he writes Moser again: "I have received a letter from my Uncle von Geldern. He writes me that along the whole Rhine I am as much hated as once I was loved, because they say there that I am interested in the Jews. Truly, I did laugh! O, how I despise the human rabble, uncircumcized together with the circumcized!"

Not a Jew, not a Christian, not an Oriental, but according to his mood, all of them and at the same time hostile to all—Heine defies labelling and can be treated only as an individual. "A born enemy of all positive religions," (to Moser Aug. 23) he yet would have been tolerant of all dogmas, all religions, if only the church had not been connected with the state. "There is a pious dialectic, dear reader, which will prove to you most convincingly that an opponent of the establishment of such a state religion is an enemy of religion and also of the state, an enemy of God, and of the king, or, as the usual formula goes, an enemy of the throne and the altar. But I say to you, that is a lie. I honor the inner sanctity of every religion, subordinate myself to the interests of the state.'" (Die Stadt Lucca. Chap. XIV.) But state religion Heine believed to be a constant menace to the spiritual freedom of the human race and an obstacle to the outer development of peoples. Any religion associated with politics was impure; Heine would substitute the democratic religion of reason for that of transmitted revelation, because reason is an unceasing revelation, which is repeated in every human head, while the revelation that was given only a few is aristocratic;

not with that sort can one fight aristocrats, but with a democratic revelation. Finally, Heine reaches the conclusion that the religion of the future is the religion of reason, of freedom, equality, fraternity, which was preached not to the rich, but to the poor. Christianity is in its very nature identical with such a religion, for Christ, its prophet, was not a God of the aristocracy, but of the people, "a citizen-God—the God of love—of the unhappy, the disinherited, and the suffering."

But the caste spirit, embodied in churches and the nobility, tyrannizing over the masses by means of a ministry of the privileged, Heine felt must be broken. Just as the nobility had usurped political power, so the priests had usurped the religious and made it subservient to their own ends, had dogmatized it and finally united it with the state, in order to degrade the temporal power to serve their insatiable ambition. Just because Heine was a friend of religion and of state, he hated "that monstrosity called state-religion." War on priests, war on the state-church, war on the nobility! This is the watchword that Heine gave to all friends of freedom, all who were struggling for universal emancipation. This summary of the religious views of the two poets shows again the common ground of meeting on this most serious of all subjects. Again it was in their abhorrence of all intolerance and in their breadth of human sympathy that they must have found their views of life in agreement.

The foregoing pages have disproved, I hope, the belief of Max Koch and others that Heine's words to Immermann were nothing but insinuating flattery, made use of in order to gain and maintain an alliance with a man of weight and distinction for the purpose of more effective polemical utterance. The statement that the friendship grew out of their common grievance against Platen is plainly false. A common enemy is very often a bond of friendship and the fact that the two poets defended each other against the attack of the classic Count may have drawn them a little more closely to one another for the time. But the friendship had been established long before, and both poets had shown themselves true in it. On other occasions Heine felt impelled to protect his friend against an enemy, for it was always a source of surprise to him that Immermann's work was not more favorably received. Adverse criticism—"the insidious attacks and systematic intriguing"—affected him most unpleasantly and he reproached Wolfgang Menzel in 1830 for the bitterness that he showed toward Immermann. He does not mind injustice to himself, but the wrongs done his brother-in-arms hurt him sorely.

That Heine, then, was sincere in his affection and honestly admired and envied Immermann's genius, that he was strengthened and refreshed by his correspondence with a man of Immermann's sound principles and wholesome qualities, that his regret over the death of his friend was heartfelt—all this is a matter of no doubt. The friendship was one of mutual helpfulness, Immermann deriving certain more material advantages, Heine the sense of comfort and satisfaction from a friend in whom he found his ideals realized—his ideals in a coveted literary field as well as in many attributes of character. The mutual sympathy of two isolated human beings, Heine's joy in finding a friend in a man of such stability and sense and weight, his idealization of his "Waffenbruder" and, in turn, the latter's deep respect for Heine's superior lyrical genius and his gratitude to him—these were the bonds that united the two poets and held them together in a natural, if somewhat romantic friendship.

It is true, however, that Immermann played the more passive rôle throughout. As he grew older, he became more and more conservative, while Heine was constantly becoming more radical. The correspondence came to a natural end and the poets drifted apart. So we are not greatly surprised to find that Immermann just before his death was so far removed from Heine that he could no longer sympathize with his political views. Prussian to the core, he felt that the new Rationalism was hollow and he could not excuse the attitude of its advocates in the literary field. Thus in 1838 he says to Gutzkow (Gutzkow, *Sämtliche Werke*, Vol. 8, p. 153): "Heine is a droll, queer fellow, but a 'hopeless braggart, in whom no confidence can be placed and 'whose recent works I do not read any more.'" Such a remark made in reference to Heine's political views after so many years of separation does not point to any insincerity in their earlier relations. It merely proves that Immermann realized more, perhaps, than Heine that their ways had widely diverged and saw in him no longer the great lyricist, but the exponent of political and religious doctrines of which he disapproved. Nevertheless, in memory of their earlier literary struggles together, and their close sympathy in the twenties, Immermann still continued to send warm messages of greeting to Heine in Paris and as late as 1839 he desired that Laube share with Heine the copy of "Münchhausen," which he was sending him.

As for the letter to Beer, May 3, 1830, which is sometimes quoted as evidence of Immermann's coldness toward Heine and his apparent indifference to his attentions, we admit that the

tone sounds somewhat cool and calculating when compared with the warm, impulsive utterances of Heine, yet we must recall the circumstances under which the words were written and attribute a moderate amount of diplomacy to Immermann when addressing a man with whom he was carrying on a most intimate literary correspondence and whose sentiments toward Heine's attitude in the Platen affair he knew to agree with his own. But in spite of the diplomatic tone, there is enough in the letter to show that Immermann's gratitude and affection were sincere and he never forgot what he owed to his friend Heine.

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